

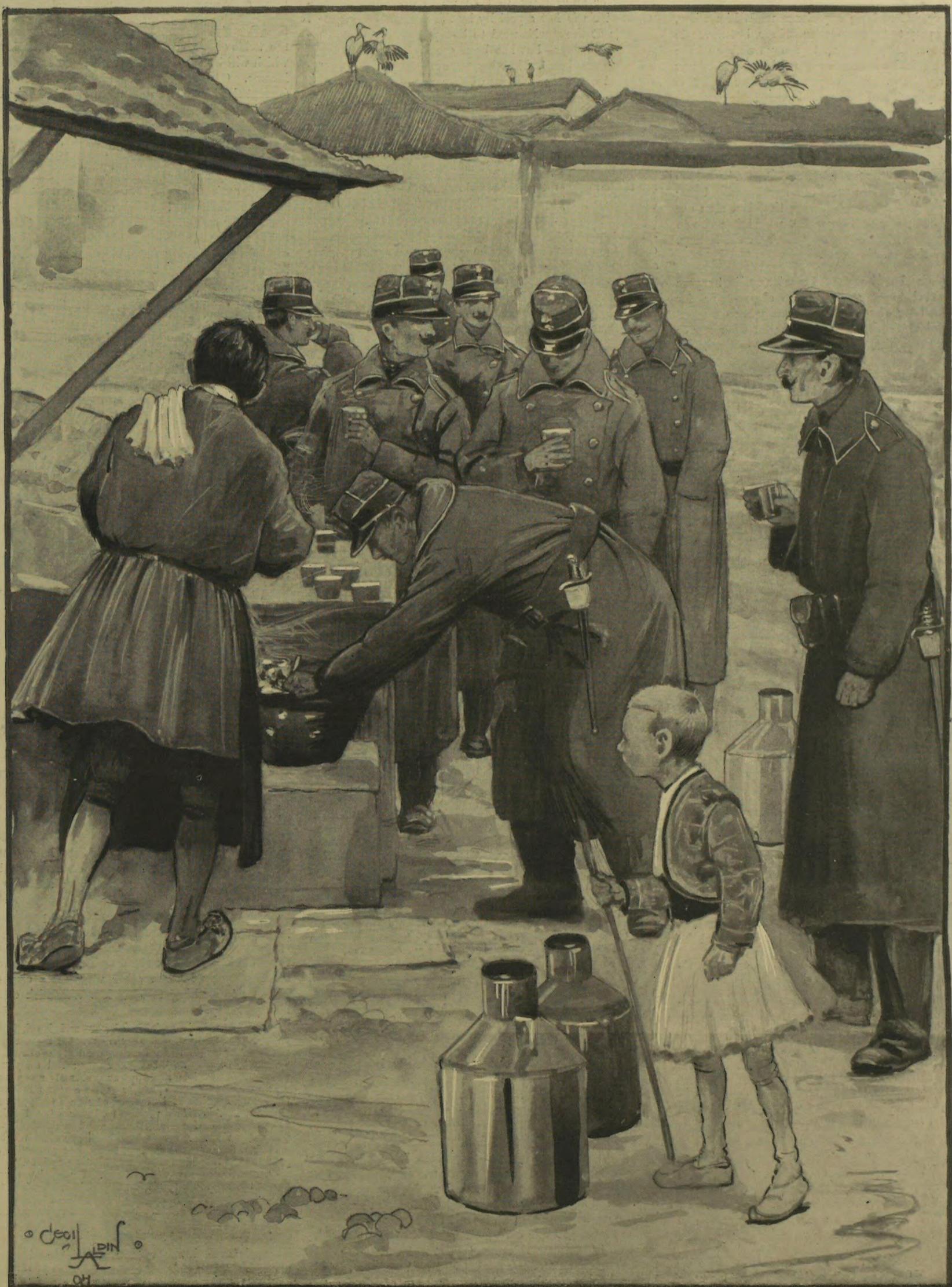
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THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR.—MORNING COFFEE: A STREET SCENE IN LARISSA, APRIL 19.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

What useless pains and trouble have able editors and others given themselves these many weeks about what is eventually to happen in the war between Greece and Turkey! The whole matter, as I learn from copious advertisements in a religious organ, has been predicted in detail by the Prophet Daniel. Greece is to regain Epirus and Macedonia this year, the King of that country being obviously (though not flatteringly) represented by the Goat with one horn. The Little Horn has, it seems, severed its long connection with Napoleon, and is to be "the personal fulfilment of a New Antichrist, who will re-enact the career of Alexander the Great." Before this Note is in print "several ministers will speak upon this subject in various parts of London," but in the meantime I hasten to give publicity to these facts in order to relieve the tension from which everybody seems to be suffering in regard to them.

At one time, before long experience made him wiser, Dickens was a prey to begging-letter writers, but never to the Biblical ones. Any allusion to the "number of the Beast," though it had a humorous attraction for him, was fatal to the applicant. Macaulay was familiar with this animal from boyhood, and nicknamed one of his mother's visitors after it. This gentleman one day made a morning call; the boy ran to the window and turned back crowing with excitement, "Look here, mother, you see I was right! Look! look at the number of the Beast." She glanced at the hackney coach, and its number was 666. Addison tells us that he knew of a certain zealous Dissenter who, being a great enemy to Popery, and believing that bad men are always most fortunate in this world, would lay two to one on the number 666 against any other in the lottery, because it was that of the Beast.

Even people endowed with the most angelic tempers may be permitted to be angry in the abstract, as, for instance, at the folly of mankind. Already have I made my protest against the habit in exiles from their native land of sending manuscripts which nobody wants, without return postage, upon the ground that "English stamps are not procurable on the Continent." They are procurable through the medium of the international post-office, or through any friend in England, or by the simple plan of a person taking a supply with him from this country when he goes abroad. It may be said that he who pays the return postage under such circumstances is as great a fool as the offender, but there is a certain good-natured stupidity in the case of the former, while in that of the latter the good-nature is not so obvious.

During this holiday time an old companion of mine, but one whom for various reasons of my own I cannot call my friend, sits with me at the window to watch the holiday-takers: we see the four-wheelers go by crowded with young and happy children, and their boxes (one of which, when they have reached their journey's end and it has had its inside taken out, is always a bath) upon the roof; also the hansom, the drivers sitting with portmanteau before them, as though they were going to eat off it, and the young fellows inside, each with a cigarette in his mouth and a stick in his hand, dainty enough, but not one half so sensible at Easter-time as an umbrella. One does not know where they are going to, of course, except that it is to the country or the seaside, but the sight of them makes me feel inclined to take holiday also. "Will you come with me?" he inquires. "There are reasons against it," I reply, perhaps with a little sigh, which only encourages his importunity. "How pleasant it would be," he continues, "to climb the hills again, and feel the mountain air from the sea! You have been a long time without an out-door holiday." This was true enough. So I gave way, and the "Bradshaw" was produced, and the place selected, and we went to it together. It was in the Highlands. Oh! the mornings with their light upon the mountains, and the evenings with their grey upon the loch! Then the nights, when we went with the herring-fishers, and saw the burnin' o' the waters, and lived for hours in another world. But the joy of it was the friends we found there, Hobart, and Grant, and Erskine, and White, all Trinity men, and the four-oar that we made to cross the bar, and explore the river where never was four-oar before; the picnics we had there, and the noonday idleness in the summer woods. The days passed quickly—so much too quickly—and then we were suddenly summoned home. Once more we found ourselves looking out at the same window at the unlovely street, with the holiday-takers still going away in endless throngs. "Do you not thank me for your holiday?" whispered my companion. "I am not sure," said I, for indeed my eyes were wet to think that those dear friends, so full of youth and strength, had all died years ago, and the tender grace of the day when I had known them would never come back to me." My companion (whose name is Memory) is always luring me to take excursions such as this, and though I enjoy them, I do not like the coming home again, and that is why I do not know whether to call him my friend or not.

A trade journal has some interesting observations upon the effects of holidays upon the class (drapers' assistants)

whom it represents. It admits that holidays *per se* have not a good influence on work, and even remarks that a peculiar mental and physical condition, called technically "Mondayish," arises from its preceding day always being a holiday. Provided that leisure days are spent in a wholesomely enjoyable way, it decides that they have a good tendency, but this is not so observable in the case of single ones, such as Bank Holidays, as when they extend over several days, as at Easter time. Twenty-four hours of rest is not a sufficiently long time for recuperation. On the other hand (though a draper's assistant has little chance of the experience), a holiday of great length, such as the Long Vacation, seems a very unnecessary relaxation, and one by which we are more demoralised than invigorated. After all, the effect of holidays, like that of almost everything else, depends upon the individual. A good many more people than is supposed absolutely dislike them, and I confess, for my own part, a very little of them suffices me. What makes them tedious to a vast number is that they have no pursuit or amusement to take up in the place of their work. This is felt especially by the middle-aged—paternosters at the seaside used to be a piteous spectacle after the first few days—but has been greatly mitigated by the introduction of golf. No other game can be played decently well that we have not learnt when young.

It would be interesting to compare the results of Board-school teaching with those of the literary puzzle prizes offered by the cheap periodicals. Some of them are really capital, at all events as regards their examination papers, especially the miscellaneous ones. Anyone who can answer all the questions must be an Admirable Crichton, and (metaphorically) up to everything, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter. As to the prizes, however, one does not feel so perfectly satisfied about them. An ingenious youth complained to a magistrate the other day that after paying a fee of two shillings for the privilege of entering a competition, and having admittedly discovered the solution of the problem in question and gained the prize, he only received one penny. His Worship's explanation of the fiasco was that the whole affair was obviously a swindle, and it was strange that so clever a lad had not discovered that. One, however, who apparently does not think it better to have tried and lost than never to have tried at all, comments on this case as follows: "Even when the periodical itself is above suspicion, one does not see how fair dealing can be guaranteed. The proprietors may be honest as the day, but what is to prevent their examiners, or their assistants, who must all know the secret, giving a tip to a friend? Things are sometimes divulged that are spoken of in a Cabinet Council, where every member takes an oath of secrecy, and how much more likely, unless precautions are taken of which one hears nothing, is the same thing to happen in these cases?" There is something in this, no doubt; but where ready money cannot be got one must give credit; perhaps more precautions are taken than the public is aware of. It would be a real misfortune if confidence were shaken as regards this matter, for without doubt the better class of prize-giving periodicals, if not advancing "the higher education," are doing good work in stimulating the general intelligence.

A young man has, I read, become an inmate of Norwich Hospital under singular circumstances. He woke up one night in a train on the Great Eastern Railway without remembrance of his name or address, or of anything else concerning himself, in his pocket a single fare ticket from London to Norwich, a town which he had never visited and where he had no friends. He had the intelligence, however, to seek out a doctor, who sent him to the hospital. Though very uncommon, his case is not unprecedented, but it generally happens only after some physical or mental shock. It is not very long ago that a learned Professor received a blow on a particular spot on his head "and instantly forgot his Greek." The same thing has occurred, though more gradually, to many of us who have been knocked about in the world. It is a mistake to suppose that these comas, or rather, full stops, of the recollection happen only in these days. Pliny tells us of one who, "with the stroke of a stone, forgot all his letters," and of another who, falling from the roof of a house, "lost all remembrance of his relatives"; but perhaps this one fell on purpose. Antonius of Sienna was particularly unfortunate, for he remembered wrongly as well as forgot, and while in Florence believed he was in Sienna. One can imagine the embarrassments this may have caused him by supposing any of our travellers after their return to London to believe they were still in Timbuctoo (for example), and behaving accordingly. Atticus, the son of Herod the sophist, had a memory so treacherous that he forgot his letters, whereupon his father procured four-and-twenty boys to be the lad's playmates, to each of whom was given a letter for a surname, so that by that object-lesson the alphabet at least might be preserved to him. Montaigne got in such a state of forgetfulness that, he tells us, he was "forced to call the men that serve me by the names of their offices—if I should live long I think I should forget my own name." Yet if he had looked in the advertisements of the *Spectator* of that period he might have made a complete recovery. "Loss of Memory or Forgetfulness completely cured by a grateful Electuary

peculiarly adapted for that end. Price two-and-six a pot. Sold only at Mr. Payn's toy shop, Angel and Crown, St. Paul's Churchyard." I should find a pot or two of my namesake's Electuary extremely useful myself.

It is stated quite seriously that in certain sporting circles archery is being revived, and that there is a probability of bows and arrows resuming their old position in the field—not the battle-field, of course, but among the turnips, and perhaps on the moors. From what I have seen of the performances of my toxophilite friends, I should have thought that Africa, or other localities where "big game" offering a large mark abounds, would be more suitable to them. In preparation, attitude, earnestness of purpose, they have never been wanting; their deficiency always seemed to me to lie in accuracy of aim, the failure in result being always attributed to "windage." Perhaps, however, this hindrance has been surmounted by science. Another difficulty—though a merely financial one—used to be the loss of the arrows: these were by no means generally to be found in the neighbourhood of the object aimed at, even though a stationary one. If this is to be locomotive and in the fields of air, one doubts if they will be found at all, which will be a serious drawback to sportsmen of moderate income. Of course, if the bird is hit all will be well (except the bird), but how often is this likely to happen, especially after lunch?

What he hit was history (his story),
What he missed was mystery (my story),

was written by a spectator of a sportsman's feats after his mid-day meal, even though he had a gun. Conceive (if you can) the execution done by a toxophilite under such circumstances! Think of being dependent upon his success for one's food, as sometimes happens in shooting-boxes in the Highlands. I can fancy a Bowman (with great luck) bringing down a pheasant sitting on a tree, but not on the wing. There is a passage we all know about an eagle—a much larger bird, however—who—

Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.

But that is a poet's account of the matter. It is to poets and literary persons, no doubt, that we owe this resuscitation of the bow and arrow. Sporting people are not great readers, and it is possible they have been persuaded by some wag that the stories told in fiction, and also in history, about the feats of bowmen are to be relied on. How they shot "i' the clout" at long ranges, and, when there was no room in it, split one another's arrows! They sent up "captive birds," and with one shaft cut the string, and with another killed the bird. The fact is that all these things were accomplished with "the long bow"; if you believe them you will believe anything. What settles the matter with every person of common sense is that if they were possible, if by any course of training they could be accomplished, we should have long ago seen advertised "Feats with the Bow, the national weapon of Old England." There would be money in that—far more than in shooting glass balls with rifle bullets.

There are doubtless a dozen ways of making love, but until lately we were unaware that there were a dozen. The authoress of "Beggars All," however, informs us that it is so: "A Dozen Ways of Love" is the name of her new book, and she describes in detail every one of them. Some of them are pretty, some pathetic, but almost all of them have merit. There is also a novelty of treatment which gives her stories a distinction. The lover is not always blind, and when he finds he has made a mistake has the good sense to escape while there is yet time. "A Taint in the Blood" is a good example of this; it is not madness—to my mind always an unpleasant subject in this connection—but selfish greed which frightens him because it is hereditary in the young woman. Her mother, a masterful and pious lady, has taken a diamond amulet from the neck of a drowned girl and appropriated it to her own use, upon the unusually high ground that it was a superstitious article, and that the relatives of the deceased were not in a position in life to possess anything so valuable. The lover, who is the curate of the parish, insists upon its restitution, but afterwards finds to his horror that the daughter—beautiful and agreeable, and very nice in other ways—is a chip of the old block as to sticking to what Mr. Wemmick called "portable property."

"Violetta, it is amiable of you, and loyal, to excuse and defend your mother, but tell me—tell me as you speak before God—that you do not think as you have spoken. You are a woman now, with a soul of your own: tell me you know that to take this necklace and to keep it secretly was a terrible sin."

"Indeed"—with candour—"I do not think anything of the sort. I think it is wicked of you to slander mamma in that way. And if you want to know what I think"—with temper now—"I think it was most unkind of you to give away my ring. After it had been given to me on such an occasion, too; it was priceless to us, but we could easily have paid that vulgar man what it was worth to him."

"I will not argue with you. I perceive now that that would do no good." There was a heart-broken tone in his voice that frightened Violetta. "I will—I will only say—"

"What?" she asked. The thin sharp sound in her voice was a note of alarm.

"I will not marry you," moaned the curate.

There is little humour in the stories, and what there is strikes us as being almost unconscious, as in "The Girl who Believed in the Saints"; but there is a certain pleasing serenity about them which takes its place.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR.

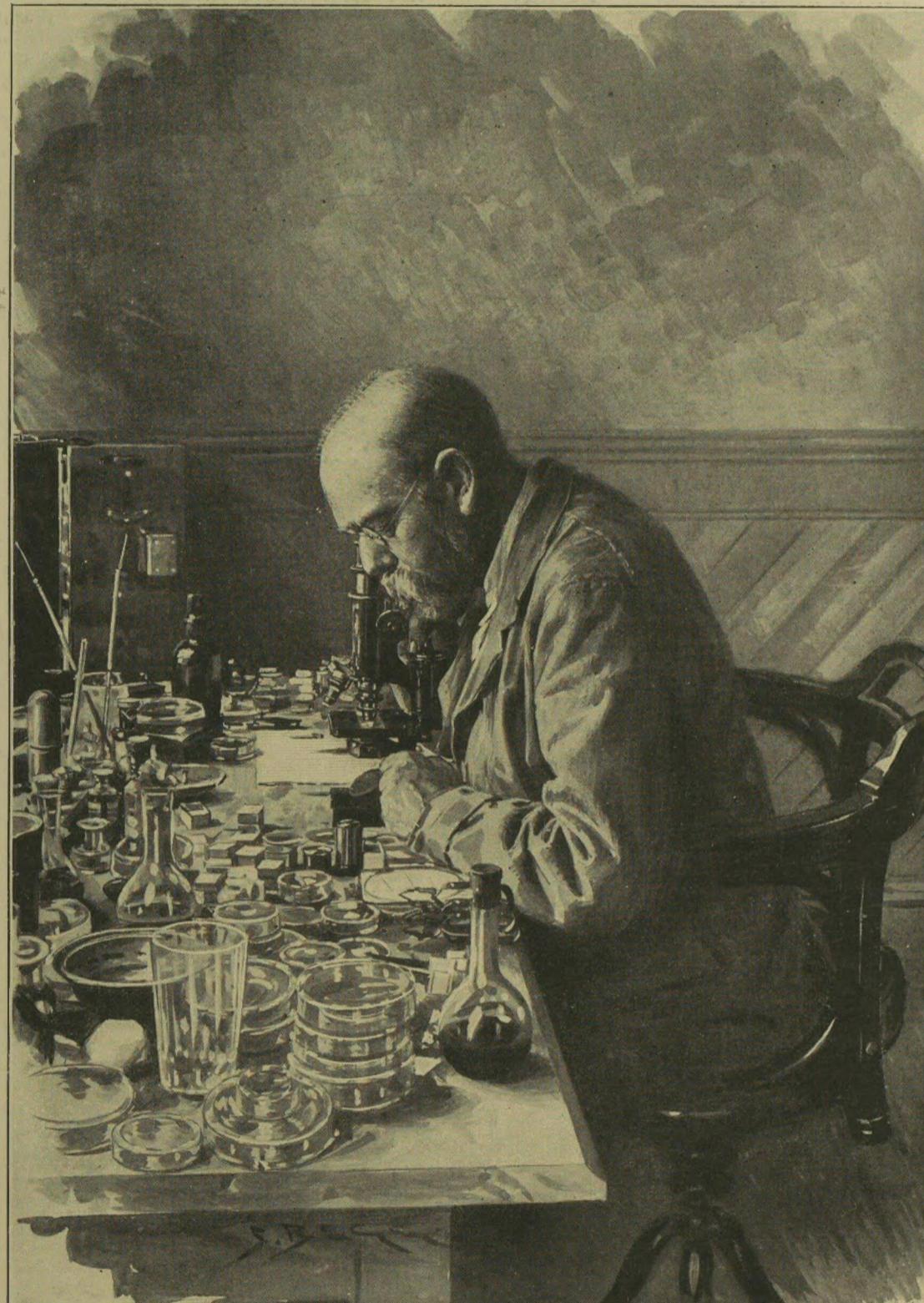
The prospects of the Greek cause are grave if not desperate. It is not easy to understand the course of events which has given Edhem Pasha possession of Thessaly without anything that can be described as a pitched battle. In Athens at this moment there is a dangerous outbreak of popular anger against the Greek military chiefs. It is asserted by M. Ralli, leader of the Opposition, who was with the army at Larissa, that the retreat was due to sheer blundering. How far this accusation may be just, it is impossible to say; but King George has so far yielded to the storm as to dissolve the military staff and reorganise it in compliance with M. Ralli's suggestion. What actually happened was that on Friday, April 23, the Greek forces at Mati were hotly engaged with the Turks without any decisive advantage on either side. Towards the close of the day there was evident danger that the Greeks would be outflanked. The Crown Prince was warned of this, and reinforcements were dispatched in haste. In the course of the night a council of war was held, and it was decided to retreat, not only from Mati but from Larissa too. This resolve made a most painful impression among the troops. They could not see why they should retreat, for so far the struggle had not gone against them. M. Ralli more than hints that the action of the council of war was pusillanimous. On the other hand, Edhem Pasha was evidently confident that he could enfold the Greek position by a movement of his left wing, and that the result, as he sardonically put it, would give him the pleasure of the Crown Prince's company at dinner. He was astonished, however, that the Greeks should abandon strong positions without firing a shot. This astonishment is clearly shared by the war correspondents with the Greek forces. According to Edhem Pasha, his turning movement was in course of execution by a night march of his left wing, but was betrayed to the enemy by the singing of the Albanian regiments, who, it seems, cannot be restrained from vocal melody, even when success depends on absolute silence. The Greeks heard the songs and precipitately retreated.

It is probable enough that the Crown Prince and his military advisers were convinced that the enveloping movement of the Turks could not be long resisted, and that if retreat from Larissa were delayed the Greeks might find the place another Sedan. By withdrawing to Pharsala, the second line of defence, the Crown Prince has saved his army. This calculation may be well founded, but it is accompanied by serious penalties. The actual losses of the Greeks in the shape of stores and munitions of war abandoned at Larissa may not be great; but the loss of confidence by the troops in the tactics of their leaders may prove more serious than an actual defeat. It is always dangerous to the morale of an army to be withdrawn in the face of the enemy without any self-evident necessity. The Greek soldiers had been buoyed up by the considerable measure of success that rewarded their stubborn resistance to the Turkish advance on the mountains. The course of the fighting, moreover, had not prepared public opinion at Athens for the sudden abandonment of Thessaly to the invader. No importance need be attached to the alleged cowardice of some of the Greek officers. All impartial testimony acknowledges the courage of the troops under the Crown Prince's command. Blame, if blame there is, rests on the hasty conclusions of the Prince's staff, though it remains for military experts to decide whether the retreat from Larissa was not necessitated by the successes of Edhem Pasha on the Greek flank. There is every reason to believe, however, that a resolute stand will be made at Pharsala. Popular feeling in Athens is in no mood for submission to reverses, especially as the Greek troops in Epirus are believed to be advancing on Janina. The Turks are in strong force there, though they are embarrassed by a mutiny among the Albanians, who are now reported to have made their submission. If the Greeks could capture Janina, that would be a considerable set-off to their defeat in Thessaly; but it is expected at Constantinople that Edhem Pasha, by occupying Volo and Trikkala, will make the Greek position in Epirus untenable. A march on Athens does not enter apparently into the Sultan's policy at present; but it is possible that the Turks

may seize Volo, and then remain quiescent till King George consents to withdraw Colonel Vassos from Crete. It is extremely unlikely that the Powers will be asked to mediate. There is no more love of Europe at Athens than there was when it became clear that direct negotiations between Turkey and Greece for the settlement of the Cretan question had been prevented by Russia. It must be remembered that the Greeks have not suffered anything like an annihilating defeat in the field. Their killed and wounded reach a comparatively small total, and the Crown Prince has 40,000 men at Pharsala who are not persuaded that the Turks have beaten them in fair fight. These conditions make the chances of an early peace still indefinite.

DR. KOCH AND THE RINDERPEST.

Rinderpest is the deadliest disease that can overtake cattle. It comes from Asia, like so many other plagues, and though it has never obtained a foothold in England, it has



DR. KOCH IN SEARCH OF THE RINDERPEST MICROBE AT KIMBERLEY.

From a Photo by Frank Hancox, Kimberley.

recently ravaged English territory in South Africa with terrible severity. Thus, the Government were compelled at last to take active measures for its suppression, and to that end they commissioned Dr. Koch to proceed to the Cape and try to discover the microbe that is the cause of the disease. The great German bacteriologist has so far failed to isolate the bacillus; but he has achieved the greater practical success of discovering how to render cattle immune to its ravages, by adopting the classic methods of Jenner, Pasteur, and Behring. He soon found that the inoculation of Angora, Merino, and Cape sheep produced in these animals a modified form of rinderpest, but when the material was transplanted into the "dewlap" of cattle the disease was more virulent for them. He also found that the blood of "salted" cattle (those that have recovered from rinderpest) contained a principle which could confer immunity on healthy animals, but considerable quantities of the blood were necessary, and the length of time required was an obstacle. Then he discovered that the bile of animals that the disease had killed acted as a vaccinating substance on healthy cattle. The immunity conferred by this method was so great that the animals could withstand the inoculation of forty cubic centimetres of virulent rinderpest blood, while non-vaccinated cattle died from the dose of one ten-thousandth of one cubic centimetre. By this treatment the plague may be successfully combatted.

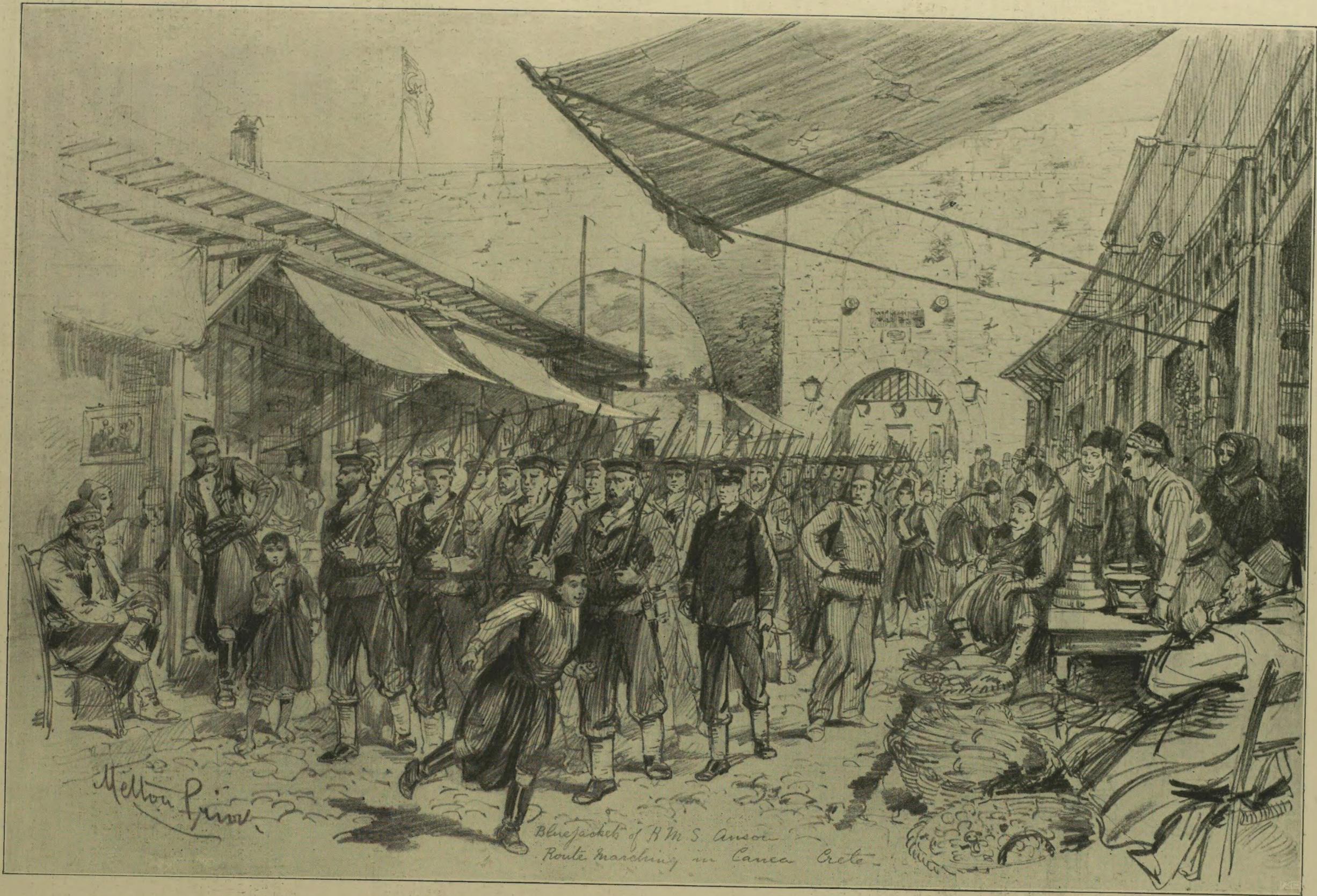
ADDINGTON PARK.

The announcement that Addington Park, which has now for ninety years been the country seat of the Archbishops of Canterbury, is shortly to be abandoned as an ecclesiastical residence and put up for sale, is the occasion of many regrets, not among Churchmen alone, but also in the minds of many people of antiquarian tastes, who would prefer to see the fine mansion go down to history as the seat of a long line of Primates. The artistic spirit which has animated the popular novelist who elects to be known as "Ouida" in her many tilts against the iconoclasm current in modern Italy and against other innovations of this latter-day age, has led her to write to us on the subject. She has, it seems, already applied to the Mayor of Canterbury to ascertain whether steps might not yet be taken to preserve for ecclesiastical use a residence which has been kept for that purpose for close upon a century. The Mayor has pointed out in his response that the matter is one with which the civic body of Canterbury has no connection, the property being entirely in the hands of the ecclesiastical authorities. If those authorities find it expedient, for pecuniary reasons, to dispose of Addington Park, there is not much more to be said by the outside world. But although Addington has not been the country home of the Archbishops of Canterbury for so long a period as would make its sale almost a sacrilegious proceeding in Churchmen's eyes, many people will doubtless agree with "Ouida" in regretting that it is not to be allowed to accumulate so venerable a character in years to come by long continuance in the service of the Church. The archiepiscopal mansion, of which we publish several illustrations in view of the interest occasioned by its probable sale, stands within the parish of Addington, a small village some three miles distant from Croydon. The manor of Addington, on which the house is situated, was given by William the Conqueror to his cook Tezelin, on the condition that he presented a mess of pottage to the King at his coronation. In accordance with this quaint condition of tenure, the lord of the manor has ever since been bound to present his curious offering at the coronation of a new Sovereign. The manor house of Addington as it stood for several centuries was put to various uses by occupants of varying rank. In the reign of Henry VIII. it was a royal hunting-box; but in 1780 the older structure was replaced by the modern fabric erected by Alderman Trecothick, and this building was, in turn, altered and enlarged to a considerable extent by Archbishop Howley in 1830, having been purchased for an archiepiscopal residence in 1807 in place of the decayed palace at Croydon.

The parish church of Addington, which is close to the park, is of Norman origin, but has an Early English nave. The Norman windows at the east end of the choir are in excellent preservation. The building was restored fifty years ago, but the north aisle and vestry were added so recently as 1876. There are a number of interesting monuments in the church, among them those of Archbishop Howley and Viscount Canterbury, Speaker of the House of Commons, while the churchyard contains the tombs of Archbishops Sumner, Langley, and Tait. On the hillside above the village are the remains of a number of tumuli of uncertain history.

THE RELIEF OF DESTITUTE ARMENIANS.

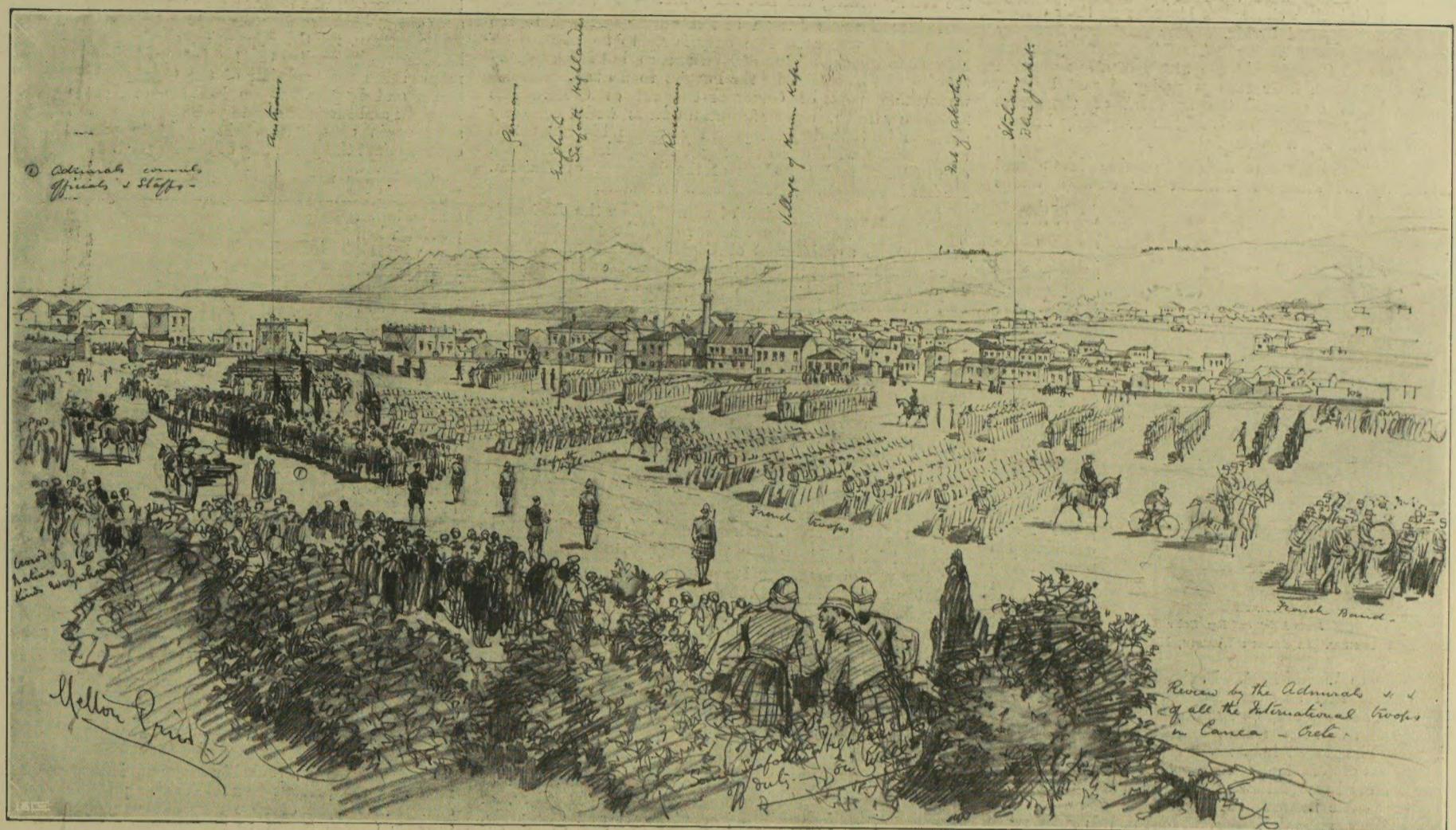
It is satisfactory to hear of the relief which is being administered to the destitute Armenian villagers in the south-eastern districts of Turkey in Asia by the Duke of Westminster's Fund. Our illustrations this week show several incidents connected with the distribution of relief by Major Massey, British Vice-Consul at Adana, among the starving inhabitants of some six Armenian villages in the neighbourhood of Bayas. Major Massey was conveyed on his charitable mission from Mersina to Bayas on board H.M.S. *Sybille*, and spent five hundred pounds of the fund in relieving the starvation and general suffering of the Armenian peasants of the districts. A heavy sea was running at the time, and the daily process of landing and embarkation was performed under somewhat exciting difficulties, but fortunately for the Armenian population Major Massey was able to accomplish his errand of mercy without hindrance. He spent a week in the district, visiting each of the distressed villages in person, in order to minister to its wants.



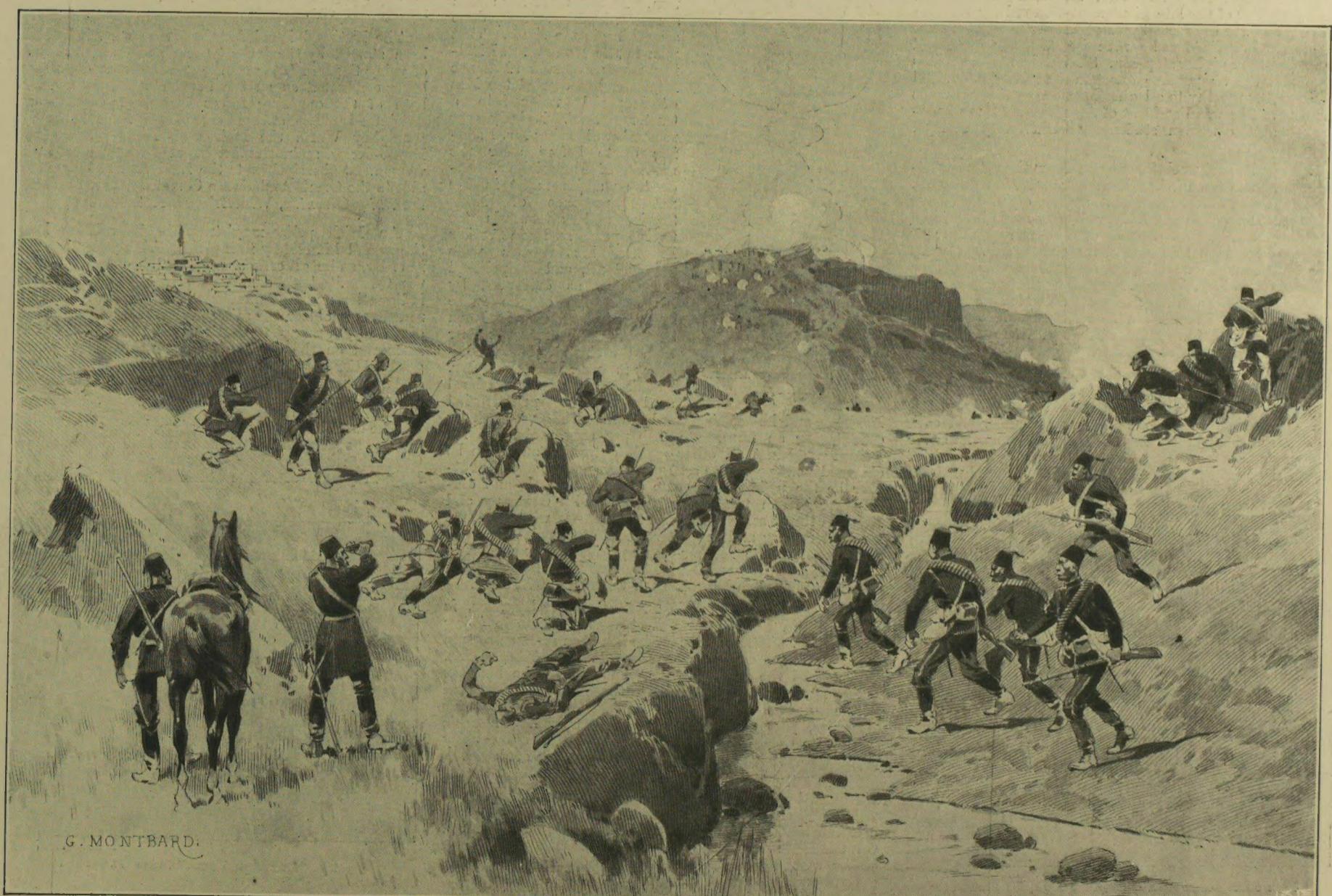
THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: BLUEJACKETS OF H.M.S. "ANSON" ROUTE-MARCHING IN CANEA.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR



REVIEW OF ALL THE INTERNATIONAL TROOPS IN CANEA BY THE ADMIRALS AND MILITARY COMMANDING OFFICERS OF THE POWERS.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

THE FIRST INROAD OF GREEK IRREGULARS INTO TURKISH TERRITORY: THE INSURGENTS REPULSED BY TURKISH TROOPS AT KRANIA.

From a Sketch by a Correspondent.

The sketch of the fight at Krania, here reproduced, has peculiar interest as an illustration of what was really the final cause of the declaration of war. Between two and three thousand Greek irregulars advanced across the frontier into Macedonia and attacked Krania. The Turkish garrison, which numbered less than a hundred men, all told, made so plucky a defence that the Greek force became

too intent on the struggle around Krania to notice the approach of Turkish reinforcements from Grevena. The result was that the sudden attack of some two hundred fresh troops was mistaken for the onset of a far larger force, and the Greek insurgents gave way before the heavy fire of the Turks and retreated in confusion, after sustaining considerable loss.

PERSONAL:

Apparently there is to be no election at Crewe after all. The Hon. R. A. Ward is said to have reconsidered his decision to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds. The turn of events has excited much surprise, especially as the preparations for the contest were vigorously conducted on both sides. The Unionists chose Mr. Marriott as their candidate, who was opposed by Mr. Walter Maclaren, formerly Liberal member for Crewe. The Opposition journals declare that the Government are afraid of a bye-election just now, although their foreign policy is said by Mr. Chamberlain to command the approval of the great majority of the people. But then, as everybody knows, Oppositions will say anything.

The Navy has lost one of the most notable of its retired veterans by the death of Admiral Sir George Willes

Watson, which took place on April 25, after a long and tedious illness. Sir George was a son of the Rev. Fisher Watson, who is remembered by several generations of old Lancing boys as Vicar of Lancing parish church. He received his commission fifty-six years ago, and saw his first service

Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE WATSON, K.C.B.

in the Chinese War of 1841. In the Crimean War he distinguished himself as senior Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Royal Albert*, and subsequently as Acting Commander of H.M.S. *Desperate*, and won the Crimean and Turkish medals by the gallant part he played in a night assault on the seaboard fortifications of Sebastopol. A few years later he won considerable official recognition by his share in the laying of the telegraphic cable between Cagliari, Malta, and Corfu, and after holding several important commands was made Admiral-Superintendent of the dockyard at Chatham. He retired five years ago, after several years of office as Commander-in-Chief on the North American and West Indian Station. He married a daughter of General John Campbell, of the Gordon Highlanders.

The Dowager Lady Aberdare, who died on Tuesday, was a daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Sir William Napier; she was the second wife of the late Lord Aberdare, whom she married before he was raised to the peerage, and the present Baron is her step-son. She shared her husband's interest in the temperance question, and always devoted the keenest sympathy to all questions concerning women's education. She was President of Aberdare Hall, the headquarters of the women students of University College, South Wales.

During the past week Sir George Grey, the veteran pro-Consul and statesman, has been somewhat seriously ill. This has caused his friends keen anxiety, especially as our winter weather in London had previously made inroads on his strength. After an absence of a quarter of a century Sir George returned to England three years ago. He was warmly welcomed on all hands, and the Queen made him a Privy Councillor. Those familiar with the history of Greater England know the fine part in it which Sir George's name fills. He has been a first Empire-builder of the Victorian era, and few of the careers of that period have been fuller of romance and colour.

A polo centrepiece for the Officers' Mess of the Wiltshire Regiment (2nd Battalion) is an oval silver jardinière with two ornamental handles and side panels bearing scenes illustrative of the game of polo. At each end of the base is a finely modelled statuette in solid silver of a pony and player—the players being portrait-models of Majors Alexander and Hill. Upon the upper pedestal are



POLO CENTREPIECE FOR THE OFFICERS' MESS, 2ND BATTALION WILTSHIRE REGIMENT.

the present regimental crest and those formerly used by the regiment, whilst on the reverse side is an inscription commemorating the tour of the regiment in India from 1882 to 1895. The trophy is the handiwork of the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company of Regent Street.

Sir William Robinson, Governor of Hong-Kong, is expected in England at a date not long after the completion

of the Jubilee rejoicings of the Queen's subjects in the colony, but he will not make a long sojourn at home, for his duties will call him back for a space before he finally retires from the Governorship of the island. He will be much missed whenever he leaves Hong-Kong for good, for he has made himself very popular with all classes in the colony during the last six years.

Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg is much to the fore just at present. Not only is he to be married on May 12 to Princess Anna of Montenegro, but it is reported that he will be chosen by the Powers to fill the somewhat unenviable post of Governor-General of Crete. His relations with the chief European Courts would certainly aid him in that difficult post, for besides his connection by marriage with our own royal family, he is a cousin of the Czar, and a godson of the Emperor of Austria. He has lately been in London on a brief visit.

Captain Moore's period of command on the *Britannia* training-ship having come to an end, the post has been filled by the appointment of Captain the Hon. Assheton Gore Curzon-Howe. Captain Curzon-Howe is a son of the first Earl Howe, by his second marriage, and is therefore half-brother to the present Earl Howe, the Duchess of Beaufort and the Countess of Westmorland, and brother to the Duchess of Abercorn. He is still a comparatively young man of forty-seven, but has attained the dignities of C.B. and C.M.G. His wife is a daughter of General Sir John Cowell.

Mr. John Skelton, C.B., who has retired from the office of Vice-President of the Local Government Board of Scotland, it is to be hoped only in order that, as "Shirley," he may give his time to the production of further pleasant "Table-Talk," is to be succeeded by Mr. Malcolm McNeill. Mr. Skelton himself succeeded Mr. H. T. Anstruther, the popular member for St. Andrews, and chief Unionist Whip.

The trial of Lieutenant Eloff, Mr. Kruger's grandson, for the use of insulting language about the Queen, has ended in the discharge of the accused. The court held that the evidence was too vague to justify a conviction. Nothing is known as to the precise terms which Lieutenant Eloff is supposed to have employed; but as the affair sprang out of a squabble on a racecourse, it is not of international importance.

An important addition has been made to the trophies to be won at the Argentine International Shooting Competition in Buenos Ayres by the presentation of a handsome silver cup, the handiwork of Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of Regent Street and Cheapside, by the Maxim Nordenfelt Company.

For years English and Colonial statesmen have talked and talked of Imperial federation. At last there has arisen a man who has actually done something in the cause. That man is the Hon. W. S. Fielding, who, as Canadian Finance Minister, has carried the idea of Imperial unity into a Customs tariff. Nobody ever remembers hearing Mr. Fielding dilate before after the manner of Imperialists. Indeed, as a journalist in his native province of Nova Scotia, and afterwards for twelve years as Nova Scotia's Premier, his themes were purely local, and his political tendencies, as evidenced by his leadership of the futile secessionist agitation in Nova Scotia, were centrifugal rather than centripetal. That, however, is past history. Mr. Fielding is now a federal and not a provincial

Minister, and he has signalled his first Budget speech by establishing an immediate 12½ per cent. preference for British as against all other goods entering Canada, to be enlarged next year into a 25 per cent. preference. Whatever be the ultimate outcome of the proposal—and old-standing British treaty engagements with Germany and Belgium throw some doubt on the point—it will remain a most interesting and suggestive proof of Canada's growing attachment to the Mother-country; for, it is noted, it is the act of a Ministry which for the first time in the history of federated Canada has a French-Canadian at its head.

Mr. Bayard, the retiring American Ambassador, is back again in London for a short visit previous to going to America. With his family he has been making a little jaunt in Italy, a country which appeals to most Americans. He enjoyed the trip greatly, and it will not be his only kindly reminiscence of our side of the Atlantic. Mr. Bayard has never made any secret of the fact that he likes us for ourselves, just as we have appreciated him. That his successor, Colonel John Hay, will become an equally popular figure here there can be no manner of doubt.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes met with a very hearty reception on his arrival at Capetown last week. In response to a public address of welcome which was presented to him he declared that he had no intention of being extinguished. On taking his seat in the Assembly he was greeted with cheers, amid which Mr. Van Wyk's solitary groan was the only discordant note. Whatever the Progressive party in South Africa may yet accomplish, the state of Rhodesia is still a very troubled one.

Neither Mr. Laurier nor Sir Gordon Sprigg has been able yet definitely to fix a date of departure for England. It is certain, however, that, like the other Colonial Premiers, they will be here in ample time to take part in the June celebrations. None of our visitors will excite more interest than Mr. Laurier, if only because he is less known here, in the personal sense, than most of them. His

visits to England have not been very numerous, but people who have met him eulogise his individual qualities and charm of manner. Will he return to Canada Sir Wilfrid Laurier? No doubt it will rest with himself.

General Ricciotti Garibaldi has arrived in Greece with a number of Italian volunteers. It is understood that his brother Menotti will follow with a further contingent. The sons of Garibaldi are fitly associated with the Greek cause at this juncture, for the expedition of Colonel Vassos must have naturally excited the filial enthusiasm of men whose name bears the tradition of the Garibaldian invasion of Sicily and Naples. There has been no opportunity for Ricciotti and Menotti of late years to make the historic red shirt again conspicuous. It ought to present a brave show against the green flag of the Prophet.

Garibaldi's name is also recalled by the death of the Dowager Duchess of Bedford, who made a great impression



Photo Bassano, Old Bond Street.

THE LATE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

a considerable accession of income to her son, the present Duke, who has joined the ranks of noble authors, for he is now engaged upon a history of the Bedford estates.

Three weeks will probably see many important developments in the present Graeco-Turkish position, but what change that lapse of time may bring in German feeling towards Greece it will be particularly interesting to the present season's visitors to Wiesbaden to note, for the German Emperor and Empress are expected to arrive in Wiesbaden before the three weeks' sojourn of the King of Denmark in that home of "cure" is concluded, and the meeting between the Kaiser and the father of the King of Greece can hardly fail to be rather a remarkable one.

The National Fund for the Greek wounded which has been started by the *Daily Chronicle* and which at the time of going to press has grown to extraordinary dimensions, is being conducted on strictly neutral lines, the wounded of both of the opposing forces being, of course, equally considered. The subscribers to the fund include Mrs. Humphry Ward, the Bishop of Hereford, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and a number of other well-known men and women. Subscriptions to the fund should be made payable to the Greek Ambulance Committee and forwarded to the *Daily Chronicle*, Whitefriars Street, London.

An Irish police-magistrate in New York has distinguished himself by fining a British tar for drunkenness in order, as he gracefully expressed it, "to get even with the Queen." This example of justice has excited great indignation among American naval men, who have taken measures to obtain the sailor's release. He appears to have given way unduly to festivity in honour of the Grant Memorial on the Hudson. This noble monument of a good soldier has been fitly celebrated by a fraternal reunion of American and British sailors, which even a New York Irish magistrate cannot restrict.

The distribution of medals given by the Queen to many of the French Breton inhabitants of Ushant and Le Conquet, in grateful remembrance of their kindness to English people after the wreck of the *Drummond Castle*



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

THE "DRUMMOND CASTLE" MEMORIAL MEDAL.

last year, was performed on Tuesday by Mr. Gosselin, first secretary of the British Embassy at Paris, representing the Ambassador; he was accompanied by a representative of the French Foreign Office, and by the Maritime Prefect and the Mayor of Brest, and the British Consul, with the local officials and clergy; they went out to the islands in a French vessel of war, and attended a religious service in the cemetery over the graves of our fellow-countrymen.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Now that the Queen's sojourn in the Riviera has come to an end, her Majesty's subjects, who have followed the daily recreations of her Continental holiday with constant interest, have, in the act of welcoming their Sovereign home again, the satisfaction of knowing that she returns in even better health than she has brought back from any of her former visits to the South of France. The weather has been almost uniformly favourable to the Queen's drives abroad, so that her Majesty has been able to take every possible advantage of the health-giving air of the Riviera. During the last week of her residence at Cimiez the Queen has received a number of visitors, among them Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and her daughter Princess Dorothee, and the young Princess's fiancé, H.R.H. Duke Ernest Gunther of Schleswig-Holstein. The Duke and Duchess de Rivoli, Count Alziary de Malausena, and Madame Rose Ney d'Elchingen have been the Queen's guests at dinner, and on several recent evenings her Majesty has received other visitors.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York gave birth to a third child, a daughter, on Sunday afternoon, at York Cottage, Sandringham. The mother and the babe are well. Prince Edward of York, who may probably succeed his father and grandfather and great-grandmother on the throne, will be three years of age on June 23, the day after the Queen's Jubilee celebration, and may even be able to recollect the event, let us hope, when he shall be quite an old man.

The Duke of Cambridge on Monday opened the new borough waterworks at Worthing, in Sussex.

Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia, mother of the Duchess of Connaught, with whom she has been staying at Bagshot, left Buckingham Palace on Monday, and departed on her return to Germany.

The first detachment of Colonial troops, forty-three officers and men of the New South Wales Mounted Rifles, sent to England for attendance at the Queen's Jubilee celebration, arrived on April 22, and went to Hounslow Barracks, after being formally received by a representative of the Colonial Office.

A singular disaster, the cause of which has not yet been certainly explained, took place on Monday evening, at seven o'clock, in a train stopping at the Aldersgate underground station of the Metropolitan Railway. There was an explosion, possibly in one of the gas cylinders beneath the floor of a first-class carriage, or it may be that a charge of dynamite or other explosive had been deposited in the carriage. Ten people more or less hurt, three of them severely, were taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and one, Henry Pitt, whose leg required amputation, died before midnight.

On Sunday night, in Caledonian Road, King's Cross, a fire broke out at a house occupied by Mr. Bray, keeper of a coffee-shop, with his wife and nine children. The family endeavoured to escape by jumping from the windows into the street, except one girl, Mildred, aged fifteen, who was suffocated in her bed. An elder sister, Ada Bray, after saving the life of the baby, returned to help the others, and encountered the flames on the staircase. She was very severely burned, and died after a few hours in the Royal Free Hospital. Three other sisters, older or younger, suffered injuries by falling from the windows, and Edith Bray died next morning.

A Cabinet Council was held on Tuesday at the Foreign Office, communicating by telegraph with Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, on the Riviera.

Last week, before the end of the Parliamentary Easter holidays, speeches were delivered by Mr. Walter Long, at Liverpool, and by Mr. Leonard Courtney, at Saltash, Cornwall, to their constituents; also by Mr. Courtney and Sir Edward Clarke, at Plymouth, and by Mr. Walter Maclaren, as Liberal candidate for Crewe. But it now appears that the seat for Crewe will not be vacated by Mr. Ward. Sir Henry Fowler addressed his constituents at Willenhall, East Wolverhampton Division. On Tuesday Sir William Harcourt made a speech at Abertillery, in Monmouthshire.

In Ireland, on April 20, a conference of Parnellite Home Rulers or Nationalists, at Dublin, resolved to form a new organisation called the Irish Independent League. Mr. John Redmond made a speech advocating the claims of this party, which seems to be in rivalry with that of Mr. Healy. A meeting was held on April 22 at the Dublin Mansion House, and was addressed by the Earl of Mayo, to urge the redress of inequalities in the adjustment of Imperial taxation or financial burdens respectively borne by England and by Ireland. Mr. Horace Plunkett presided over a conference upon the Bill for the encouragement of Irish agriculture and other industries.

The new American Ambassador, Colonel John Hay, who arrived in England on April 21, was cordially welcomed on his landing at Southampton by the Mayor and Corporation of that town. They presented him with a copy of a picture belonging to them, which represents the sailing of the *Mayflower* with the Puritans of 1620, bound to the shore of Massachusetts Bay.

An attempt was made to assassinate King Humbert of Italy on April 22, when his Majesty, attended by General Ponzio Vaglia, was driving out of Rome in an open carriage

to the Capannelle race-course. A young man named Pietro Acciarito, a mechanic, lurking about the city gate, near San Giovanni Laterano, rushed at the carriage with a dagger and aimed a stroke at the King, who evaded it by rising from his seat. His Majesty, not at all alarmed, when the assassin had been taken into custody by the police, drove on to see the races, and was joined by the Queen and the Duke of Aosta. There were enthusiastic popular demonstrations of loyalty at the news of the King's escape. Acciarito, who declares that he had no accomplices, seems to be a half-insane political fanatic, but two other men have been arrested on suspicion of a plot.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, accompanied by the Archduke Otto and Count Goluchowski, Minister of Foreign Affairs, left Vienna, arriving on Tuesday at St. Petersburg, on a visit to the Russian Emperor Nicholas II. It is expected that the German Emperor and Empress will visit Russia at some time in the summer.

The late German Imperial Commissioner in East Africa, Dr. Carl Peters, whose conduct with regard to the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition was noticed at the time, has been tried at Berlin by a special tribunal for several acts of excessive cruelty to the natives, and for other illegal proceedings. He is sentenced to be dismissed from the Government service and to pay the costs of the trial.

The British naval squadron, consisting of the armoured cruiser *St. George*, the battle-ship *Monarch*, the *Raccoon*, *Fox*, *Phœbe*, *Astrea*, *Scylla*, and *Magpie* gun-boats, under

THE PLAYHOUSES.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

London has become equipped with another West-End theatre, for Her Majesty's, in the Haymarket, built for Mr. Beerbohm Tree, was opened on Wednesday evening with an introductory ode written by the Poet Laureate, followed by Mr. Gilbert Parker's play, "The Seats of the Mighty." The theatre, which has been designed by Mr. C. J. Phipps, occupies ground which has been dedicated, in one shape or other, to the stage for nearly two centuries. Built of Portland stone, in the style of the French Renaissance, Her Majesty's exhibits the most advanced methods of theatre-construction in London, and is capable of seating between 1600 and 1700 people. The building covers a frontage in Charles Street of 160 ft., and in the Haymarket of 86 ft. A distinctive feature of the exterior is the long open loggia outside the foyer, while an imposing cupola rises above. The auditorium is arranged for an audience divided into five different classes. On the ground floor, level with the street, is the pit (with a separate seat for every person), the pit stalls, and the orchestra stalls; Mr. Tree having wisely decided that the day of the universal half-guinea stall must not be perpetuated in a new building. The first floor is devoted to the dress circle, with the cheaper "family circle" behind it, while the second tier consists of the upper circle, the amphitheatre, and the gallery. The exits to every part of the house are exceedingly convenient, two streets being available for the purpose. The decoration, which is very simple, is in the style of Louis XIV., the predominating colour being white, relieved here and there with gold. The proscenium, together with the great columns and pilasters supporting the various parts of the house, is in Brèche Violette marble, while the act-drop is an enlarged reproduction of the famous Gobelin piece of tapestry by Coyel, which pictures Dido receiving Aeneas. Gas, of course, has been entirely superseded by electric light, the lights throughout the front of the house being an exact reproduction of the Fontainebleau candle-brackets, while the huge chandelier, which descends from the eight ceiling-panels (representing Dawn, Sunrise, Morning, Noon, Afternoon, Sunset, Twilight, and Night), is exactly like the famous one at Fontainebleau, lighted, of course, with electricity instead of the candle of another day. The stage is almost as large as the auditorium itself, from which it is divided by an open space of 9 ft. above the proscenium arch, to say nothing of two party walls. Its depth is 50 ft. (compared with the 61 ft. of the auditorium), from the stage to the gridiron is 60 ft., while the cellars beneath go down 23 ft. One of the great features of this part of the house is the absolutely flat stage, which, while common enough in America, is a novelty in this country, and enables scenery to be shifted with much greater ease than in a stage built on the rake. A great deal of trouble has been spent over the methods for warming and ventilating the entire building, the intention being to keep the theatre at a uniform temperature of sixty-two degrees. Ten thousand feet of fresh air will enter the house every hour, warm in winter and cold in summer. Thus, Mr. Tree starts again on his managerial career well equipped with the necessary machinery for producing any sort of play, and his career at the Haymarket has demonstrated clearly that he has no lack of ambition.

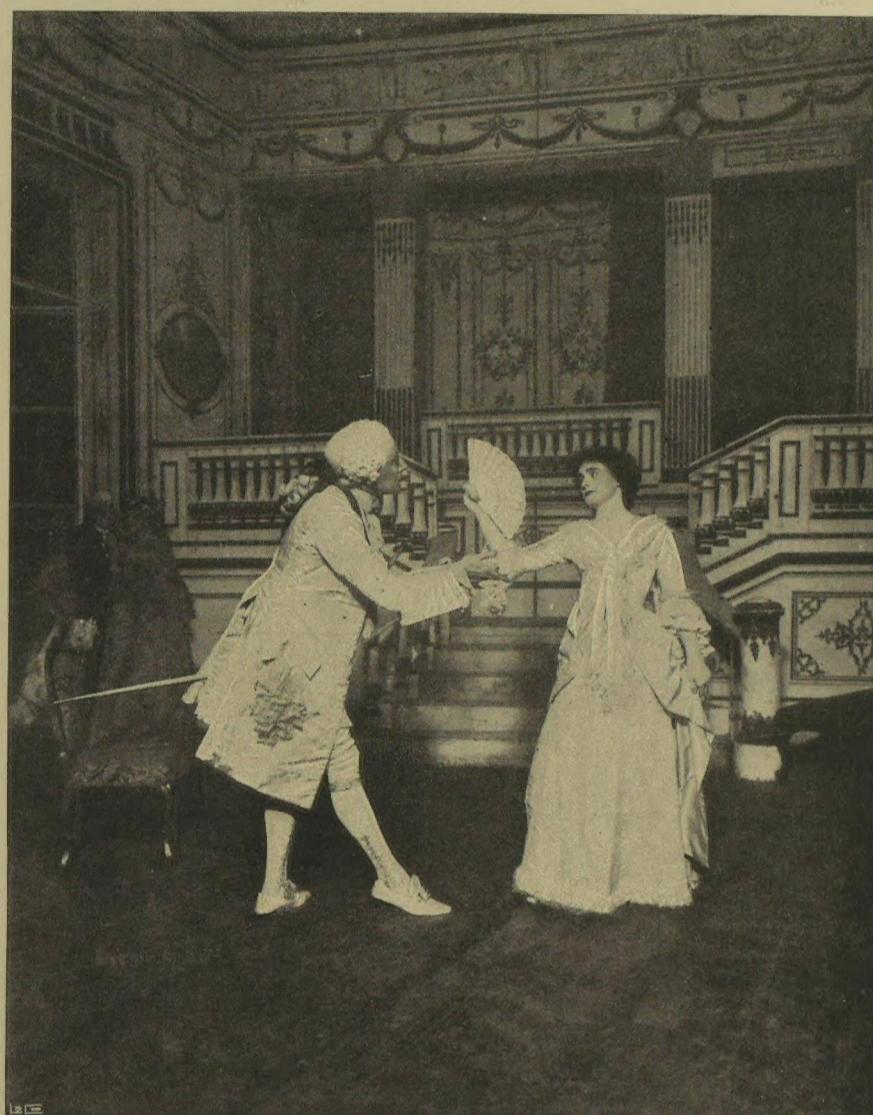
THE MATINÉE THEATRE.

Difficult as it may have been to secure a successor to Mr. Corney Grin, German Reeds could scarcely have been allowed to vanish. The Matinée Theatre, which has taken its place at St. George's

Hall, began operations on Saturday afternoon, April 17, with an entertaining variety bill, the most notable item being a little wordless play by M. Jules Oudot and M. Schlesinger, called "La Ravanche des Cigales." It is charmingly put together, and is capitaliy played. Mrs. Bernard Beere made her reappearance (after her long illness) by reciting the maudlin "May Queen." On Monday night, April 19, a comic opera, "The Money Spider," by Mr. Arthur Eliot and Mr. Clarence Lucas, was put on. The book was poor, and the music did not get a chance, so that one can hardly criticise the opera as a piece of music.

"DR. JOHNSON" AND "THE QUEEN'S PROCTOR."

It is a strange combination that Mr. Arthur Bourchier presents at the Strand Theatre, which has reopened under his old business manager, Mr. Arthur Bertram; but therein lies the charm of the player's art. Little new can be said about Mr. Herman Merivale's amusing adaptation of "Divorçons." Produced last June at the Royalty, it proved a great success, the run being unfortunately interrupted by Mr. Bourchier's visit to America. Revived with practically the same cast, it is as amusing as ever. In "Doctor Johnson," which precedes it, Mr. Leo Trevor has written one of the best curtain-raisers we have had for many a day. He shows us Johnson visiting "Boozzy" in Edinburgh, first upsetting the house, and then acting as a good (if gruff) fairy-in-a-domestic difficulty in which his fair hostess finds herself. There is wit and sentiment and movement in the little piece, and it is admirably acted by Mr. Fred Thorne as Boswell, Miss Sidney Crowe as Mrs. Boswell, and Mr. Charles Weir as the soldier who hangs on the lady's skirts. Mr. Bourchier's Johnson is remarkably clever, so much so that it is difficult to detect that he is impersonator of the debonair Sir Victor Crofton later in the evening.



HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE: MR. TREE AS DOLTAIRE, AND MISS KATE RORKE AS Mlle. DUVARNEY, IN MR. GILBERT PARKER'S PLAY, "THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY."

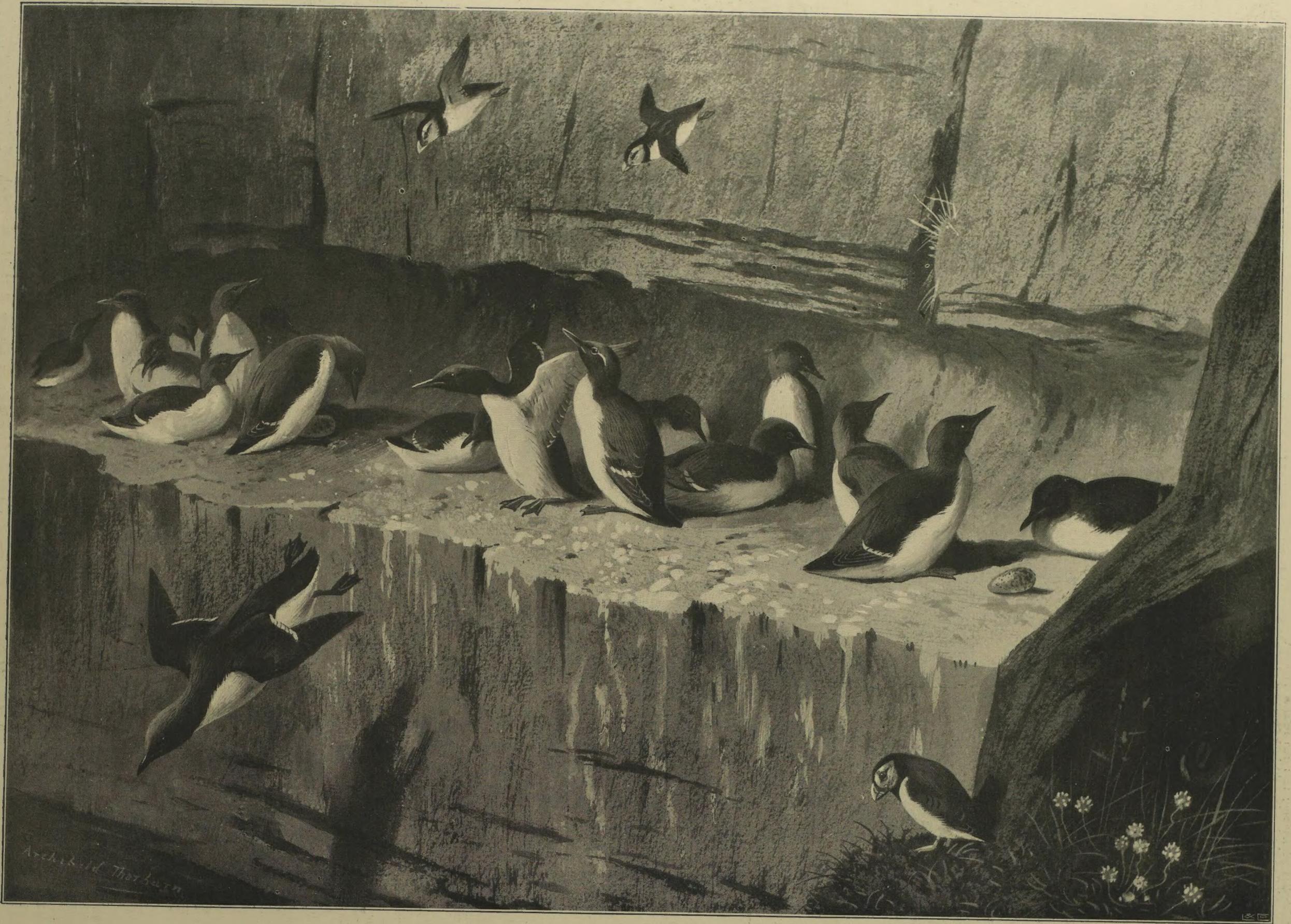
command of Rear-Admiral Rawson, in Delagoa Bay, has been received by the Portuguese Government authorities with all due civilities and courtesies. There is also a French vessel of war just now visiting that port. Some additions are being made to the British military garrison in the Cape Colony, including three batteries of field artillery.

The Transvaal Government has ordered a formal celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's reign this year.

In Mashonaland, the armed police of the British South Africa Company have had another conflict, on April 14, with a large party of the rebels near Soswieu Range. One or two of the troopers killed, and Captain Sidney C. Fischart severely wounded, are the casualties reported on that day.

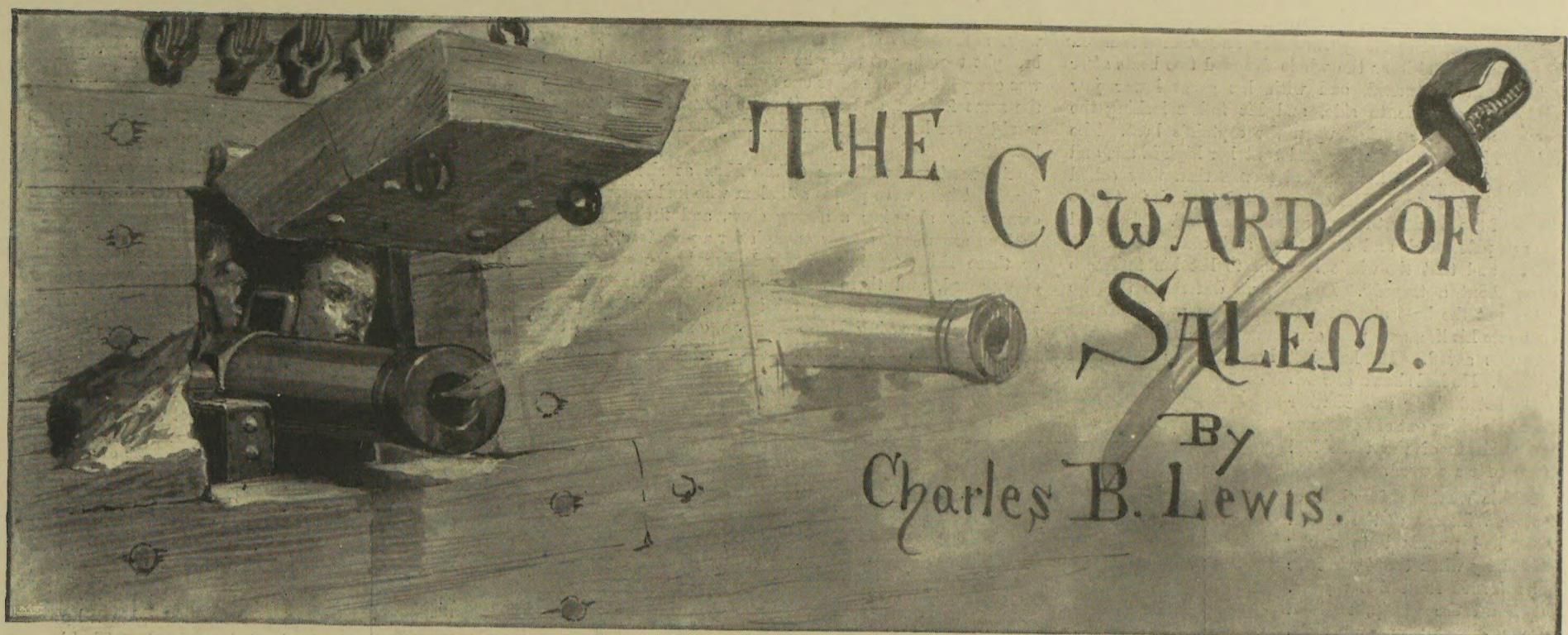
The Cape House of Assembly, after a long debate, has passed, by 41 votes against 32, resolutions which deprecate the intervention of any foreign Power in any dispute between the Transvaal and her Majesty's Government; and while recommending "the faithful reciprocal observance of all obligations under treaties, conventions, and agreements," express a hope that "by adopting a policy of moderation, by mutual conciliation, and by fairness in discussing and dealing with all differences, the tranquillity of South Africa will be further ensured."

The permanent tomb or sepulchral monument erected in the Riverside Park, at New York, in memory of President Grant, who died in 1885, was solemnly dedicated on Tuesday by President McKinley, accompanied by ex-President Cleveland, and by the chief official personages of the United States, with the British and other foreign Ambassadors; there was an imposing procession, with nearly sixty thousand troops, sailors, and marines, and several orations were delivered.



GUILLEMOTS AND PUFFINS ON THE ISLAND OF HANNA.

By Archibald Thorburn.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

UP the wide street dividing the old town of Salem in halves—a street lined with trees which cast their shade when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth—walked a young man of twenty-five. It was evening of a summer's day, and children were at play in the streets, and their parents sat on their doorsteps, enjoying the breeze coming in from the sea.

"That's Tom Holly—that's the coward!" whispered the children to each other, as they shrank away from the pedestrian, whose bronzed face and peculiar gait proved him a sailor.

"Tom Holly, the coward!" added men and women, as they looked up and then turned their heads away.

The young man saw, if he did not hear, and his teeth were hard set and his breath came faster as he reached the crest of the hill and opened the gate in front of a weather-beaten house. In the porch sat a girl of twenty—sat there alone, with folded hands and anxious face and eyes fastened on the gate. She heard the step afar off, and recognised it. Her heart beat quicker as the sailor opened the gate, but she did not move. He advanced to her feet, and stood there and looked down upon her, love lighting up his face, and yet a look of sternness mingled with it; but she looked him fair in the eyes and had no welcome for him.

"Well, Mollie, and so you believe the story?" he finally asked.

"How can I help it?" she queried in reply.

"And you regard me as a coward?"

"The whole crew declared that you showed the white feather in the face of danger, and it was even worse than that. Not a man will speak in your favour. Even the children flaunt your name. I can't love a coward, Tom; I'd sooner hang myself than marry a man who was scorned."

"I told you how it was," he quietly said.

"So you did; but the others say different. There's fifty against you."

"Yes, they are all against me; but they do not know—they cannot understand. I was in hopes you'd believe

me—stand by me. Well, let it be as it is. Good-bye, Mollie."

"Good-bye, Tom," she replied as she looked away across the flower beds.

He stood for a minute, hoping she would say something more—show signs of relenting—ask him to tell his side of the story again—but she was silent. With slow step, and without a look behind him, he walked down the path and out of the gate, and down the street toward the harbour. As he went, looking straight ahead of him, his face growing white under the bronze, the children drew out of his path, and sneered and mocked and whispered—

"Yes, that's Tom Holly, and he's a coward! Coward! Coward!"

Seven days previously the whaling-ship *True Blue* had returned to Salem after a three years' cruise. She had made a lucky voyage, brought back all her men in good health, and all had received a hearty welcome—all but Tom Holly. Scarcely had the ship been moored when gossip was busy with his name. He had gone out as second mate of the *True Blue*, and, up to the last four months of the voyage, his record was one to be proud of. His boat's crew had fastened to more whales than any other, and now and then the captain had cautioned him



In the porch sat a girl of twenty—sat there alone, with folded hands and anxious face.

about being too rash. One day all the boats were lowered for a solitary whale. He was a big one and a fighter. He smashed two boats, and Tom Holly picked up the crews and took them to the ship. The whale headed for the ship, and Tom Holly cut in and harpooned him, and sheared him off. For the next half-hour the whale dragged two boats after him. Then he turned, and with his great lower jaw swinging from side to side, and his flukes lashing the water to foam, he rushed upon the captain's boat. The sweep of his jaw caught her and sent her high in air, and flung her crew into the sea, and it was then they called Tom Holly a coward. His crew wanted to dash in to the rescue of the men, but he ordered his boat off. They said he was pale-faced and trembling, and confused in his orders, and that the whale had but to lift his flukes to bring about a tragedy. It made no difference that he finally put the boat alongside the monster, and drove the lance into his life, and that every man from the shattered boat was saved. He had lost his nerve at a critical moment. He had shown cowardice in not dashing in. Neither the whale-ships out of Salem nor the residents of the town had any use for a coward.

Mollie Williams, daughter of Captain Williams, of the *Golden Horn*, had promised to marry Tom Holly when the *True Blue* had returned from this voyage. She heard the gossip, made a dozen different men repeat the story, and then she had told the sailor that all was over between them. A Salem girl must marry a Salem sailor, and who could remember when a Salem sailor had been called a 'coward'? There was just one person in all that town who took Tom Holly's part, and singularly enough that was Mollie's own father. He had always liked the young man, and would have been proud of him as a son-in-law. He got the story from others, and he got it from Tom, and he finally made up his mind that Tom was right. He might have been excited and confused under the circumstances, but when he left the men of the shattered boat to shift for themselves, he exhibited good judgment. They could support themselves in the water for a time, and had he dashed in and had his own boat shattered, with the ship five miles away, there must have been a loss of life. It was the thing to do—to draw the whale off and then attack him. Captain Williams reasoned it out with Mollie, or tried to, but he was alone in his opinion. A hundred men had said that Tom Holly showed the white feather; the women and children of Salem said that he was a coward. Of what use for one single person to speak in his favour? And so the mate left Salem and the talk began to die out, and the *Golden Horn* was chartered for a voyage to the West Indies. The captain's daughter was to go, and a fortnight later, when the bark was ready to cast off her fastenings and proceed to sea, she bade farewell to Salem, and grieved in her heart that she might never see Tom Holly again. At first, she was certain that the men had told the truth. Then she had wondered if they were not mistaken. Then she hoped that they were, and had finally almost forgiven Tom, and earnestly wished that she had been more lenient and merciful. After the one conversation with her, Captain Williams had no more to say on the subject, but he had a surprise in store for her and the crew of the *Golden Horn*, and for those who stood on the wharf and saw the bark sail away. A quarter of an hour before she cast off, Tom Holly came aboard to act as chief mate.

"Why, father, what does this mean?" asked Mollie, as she caught sight of her whilom lover.

"It means that he is to go with me as my mate," replied the father, "and that means, again, that I do not believe the stories told against him."

"But how—how can I meet him?"

"You must settle that for yourself."

Until he caught sight of her aboard, Tom Holly did not know that Mollie Williams was to accompany her father. It made the position embarrassing for both. He being chief officer, they must sit at the same table, and be within

touch of each other every hour of the day. She wanted to believe in him—to forgive and be forgiven, but her pride stood in the way. He solved the problem as to how they should meet each other. He bowed to her in a distant way, and went about his duties, and when they were brought together at table he was polite, but formal. She was compelled to take her cue from this, and treat him in the same fashion, and thus it came about that a stranger would never have suspected that they had loved and been betrothed.

All went well with the *Golden Horn* as she ran to the South. There were people at Salem who had ridiculed her owners for shipping a strong crew, and fitting her out with an armament strong enough for a privateer, but two or three ships trading to the Indies had mysteriously disappeared, and there were reports that strange crafts were dodging about among the islands. One night, when the boat was nearing Mono Passage, on her way into the Caribbean Sea, she was overtaken by a thunderstorm,

He would not have done so then, but the calm still continued, and the brig had lowered two boats full of armed men, which were pulling for the barque.

"A pirate, you think, eh?" replied the captain. "Well, I shouldn't wonder. What will you do, Tom?"

"Beat him off, Sir!" was the quiet reply. "I'll soon have the men at the guns, and ready for those boats. Have you any orders to give?"

"None. I am blind and helpless, and I leave all to you. You know what will happen if we are captured. We'd better go down fighting than to have our throats cut. And, Tom, if worst comes to worst, and there is no hope, I want you to—to—"

He lifted his hands to his bandaged eyes and groaned and rocked to and fro. The mate glanced at Mollie over her father's bowed head, and she turned pale as her eyes met his for an instant. She wanted to question him—to give him an encouraging word—to say that she had faith in his courage, but the words would not come. She had once taunted him with cowardice—believed with all Salem that he was an object of contempt. He bowed to her and went on deck, and next moment his deep-throated voice was heard calling upon the men to cast loose the guns and make ready for a fight.

"Yes, it's a pirate craft," mused the captain, as he listened to the sounds on deck. "She has a long, low, black hull, and is brig rigged. That's the *Vengeance*, and her commander is a bloodthirsty devil. She carries eighty men to our twenty-eight, and ten guns to our six. She's been chased by men-of-war for two years past, but has dodged them all. So she is to attack us by boats! Mollie, run on deck, and tell me how things are."

"The boats are yet two miles away," said the girl, when she returned after an absence of five minutes, "and the sea is as calm as a mill-pond."

"And Tom Holly and the crew?"

"The men are at the guns and waiting, and Tom—the mate is walking about among the men and telling them to be cool and aim carefully."

"That's right—that's right. I am blind, and you must see for me. Take a seat at the head of the companion-way, and I will sit below you. You must watch the battle and tell me how it goes. Are you up there?"

"Yes, father."

"Where are the boats?"

"Pulling straight for us."

"And our men?"

"Waiting."

"And my mate—the coward of Salem?"

The girl sobbed in her throat and could not answer.

* * * *

It was a long, heavy pull for the stranger's boats, each of which held fifteen armed men, but, foot by foot, they diminished the distance between the brig and the bark, and at length they were only a mile away. The crew of the *Golden Horn* had been ready for them half an

hour. When the men signed on for the voyage, they had been told that it might come to fighting, to save the ship and their own lives, and there was no grumbling or hanging back when the order came to cast loose the guns.

At the distance of a mile, the boats halted for a few minutes to arrange the plan of attack, and, with the glass to his eye, the mate of the *Golden Horn* could tell the colour of every man's eyes. There could be no doubt of the vocation and intention of those men. They were a long-haired, black-faced, scoundrelly lot; each man armed to the teeth, and it would be idle to hope for mercy if they once got aboard. When Holly was through with his survey, he said to his waiting crew—

"There come the boats again, and when they have covered half the distance we will open fire. Be cool, and take careful aim. As we shall have to fight the brig as soon as the wind comes, I want to sink both these boats and thus weaken her."

Almost every man of the crew was a Salem man, and had heard the story of Tom Holly's cowardice. When the boats first left the pirate's side they wondered what he would do. When he ordered them to cast loose the guns they wondered if the story were not a slander. When he



"That's right. I am blind, and you must see for me."

which resulted in a strange accident. A bolt of lightning struck and splintered a yard, and one of the flying splinters struck the captain across the nose and blinded him. No one could tell whether his eyesight was permanently injured or not, but he had to give command of the ship to the mate, and keep to his cabin and grope in the darkness. Then he congratulated himself that he had given a berth to Tom Holly. The mate was not only a thorough seaman but a careful navigator, and the *Golden Horn* was perfectly safe in his hands. She crept through the passage under a dying breeze, and was hardly clear of Cat Island when it fell a flat calm. This was at ten o'clock in the morning, and the only sail in sight was a brig lying about six miles away. Even to the naked eye this craft, with her black hull and great spread of sail, had a suspicious look. When the mate went aloft to have a better look with the glass he made out that the stranger mounted guns and had too large a crew for an honest trader. The appearance of the brig was freely commented upon by the crew, most of whom doubted her honesty, but Tom Holly alone was worried and anxious. It was two o'clock in the afternoon, however, before he made up his mind to inform Captain Williams of his fears.

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addressed them in cool, even tones, with never a sign of trepidation or excitement about him, they tossed up their caps and gave him a cheer. Captain Williams heard the cheering from his seat in the companion-way and asked what caused it.

"The mate has been speaking to the men, father," replied Mollie.

"Ay; that's the right thing to do—give them heart to smell powder. Are the guns all ready?"

"Yes."

"And the boats?"

"They are coming on, but have separated. There—don't you hear the pirates cheering?"

"Ay, I hear it. It isn't honest cheering, but more like the snarls of wild beasts. How far away are they now?"

"About half a mile."

"And what's Tom doing?"

"He's sighting the forward gun. Now he's going to fire. Now he pulls the lanyard."

The boom of the gun was followed by a second and a third and a fourth, and above the roar were heard the cheers of the men on deck.

"What is it, Mollie?" asked Captain Williams.

"The ball from Tom's—the ball from the mate's gun struck one of the boats fair in the bows, and shattered her. The other boat is taking the men aboard. Don't you hear the yells of the pirates?"

"Ay, — them! They took us for an unarmed trader, and counted on an easy victory. Is the single boat coming on?"

"Yes, she is—no! no! A cannon-ball has smashed all her oars on the port side, and there is great confusion aboard. Now they are pulling her around. Now she is making off. Why, father, she is throwing some of her men overboard!"

"That's the way of a pirate, girl. When a man's killed or badly wounded overboard he goes, to make more room. Our men are cheering again."

"Yes, they are throwing up their caps and dancing about in exultation. The boats have been beaten off and we are saved."

"Saved for the time, yes. Let the breeze come, and we shall have the brig down on us in no time, and then will come the test. Do you see Tom?"

"He's coming."

The mate entered the cabin to report what was already known to the captain, and to be heartily congratulated for the manner in which he had conducted the affair. When asked his opinion of what would follow, he said—

"We sank one boat, and killed and wounded eight or ten of the rascals, but they won't stop at this defeat. If the calm lasts, they may tow the brig down to us, or they may wait for a breeze, and then overhaul and lay us aboard. They are cut-throats to a man, and far outnumber us. I must make ready against any move, and, God helping, we will beat them off."

"Ay, God helping!" said the captain. "I leave all to you, Tom—I know you will do all a brave man can."

The mate turned and went on deck without a glance at Mollie, though he must have felt her eyes on him. It was in her heart to take him by the hand in her father's presence and denounce the story as a vile slander, and to humble herself for having listened to it and acted upon it, but he gave her no show. Her father may have guessed what was in her mind, but he said never a word. The pirate boat had a slow and laborious pull back to the brig, and she had only reached the larger craft when another boat was lowered, and the two began towing the brig down in the direction of the *Golden Horn*. They pulled her for a couple of miles and then tired out, and from noon till four p.m. not a breath of air stirred aloft, and the sea was

like a mirror. Then a light breeze sprang up from the north, and, without loss of time, the barque spread her sails and continued her true course. She was a fast craft, and the mate decided to run away from the pirate, if he could. That was prudence instead of cowardice, and was so hailed by the crew and the captain. Down in the south he might find a man-of-war or other help to beat the brig off or destroy her. At any rate, if the breeze lasted he would make a running fight of it, giving her gun for gun, and doing his best to prevent being boarded. It needed scarcely half an hour to satisfy him that the brig was the fastest sailer. She crept up on the bark foot by foot, until only a mile away, and then a cannon-ball came skipping over the water as a signal for her victim to heave to. The bark held her way, paying no attention to the menace, except to soar aloft the Stars and Stripes, and cheer the flag as it blew out to the breeze. Mollie had been sent on deck to report, and she returned to say—

"Our flag is up, father, and the men are cheering it. We can't run away from the brig, and Tom is going to fight her."

"That's the talk!"

"Her decks are crowded with men. Can't you hear them yelling? There goes another gun!"

"Ay, that's a ball from a Long Tom, as I know by the boom. She carries the heaviest metal and the most

and talking to them and bidding them wait a little longer. God have mercy, but what a crash! And there's another man killed—and there's one horribly wounded—and the brig is right on our quarter, and going to lay us aboard!"

"Hush, girl! Oh, if I could only see! I hear the devils yelling—I smell the smoke of their powder—I hear—"

What he would have said was drowned in the roar of the broadside delivered from the *Golden Horn* when the brig was only a hundred feet away. Tom Holly had waited for the proper moment, with half his guns loaded with cannister and bags of bullets. The brig was raked from stem to stern by the fire, and, as a great cry went up from her decks the squall came down, dark as night, and with the fury of a mad beast. At the first puff the pirate craft was dismasted and left a helpless wreck, while the bark was thrown on her beam-ends, and but for the blowing away of most of her canvas would have turned turtle and gone to the bottom. She righted at last, and went rushing away, but within half an hour the last of the squall had passed and new sails were being bent. Just at sunset the bark swept down upon the hulk which lay heaving and tossing on the sea. Her coming was greeted with yells of defiance from the two score of pirates who yet held her decks, and fire was opened from three or four guns. Then "The Coward of Salem" did a thing

which has been recorded to his credit in the histories of several nations. Seated on the steps of the companion-way, with his daughter above him, Captain Williams asked—

"Are we bearing down on the pirate, Mollie?"

"Yes, father. They are firing at us, but their shots are wild. Hear them scream and curse!"

"Are our men at the guns?"

"Yes, at the guns; and Tom is going to sweep her decks again. We are running down to windward of her. Now the men are sighting the guns. Now the pirates are shaking their fists and cursing us. Now—"

The guns on the *Golden Horn* belched forth their fire at point-blank range, and when she had passed

the brig the number of pirates had been reduced one-half.

"Is Tom putting the bark about?" asked the captain.

"Yes, we are wearing ship, and the guns are being loaded with solid shot," replied the girl.

"That's right—that's good! Tom means to sink her and sweep the last pirate off the sea."

Round came the bark on her heel, and as she passed the brig at a cable's length she fired a broadside of solid shot which seemed to lift the hulk out of water.

"What's that wailing, Mollie?" asked the blind captain.

"It's from the pirates, father. The hulk is shattered and sinking, and there are but few men left alive. Oh, God! Oh, God!"

"What is it?—quick!"

"She's rolling, father—she's rolling and swashing about—she's going down by the stern—she's gone—she's gone!"

"And Tom has whipped her in a fair fight and destroyed a gang of devils! Girl, are you there?"

"Y—yes, father."

"Lead me to my chair. Now ask Tom Holly to come down."

A minute later the mate stood before him, a look of triumph in his eyes and exultation in his heart.

"Tom, your hand. Now yours, Mollie. Now let the past be past, and may God bless and keep you both!"

And six weeks later, when the *Golden Horn* returned to port, men, women, and children gathered to cheer her and her captain and crew, and to cheer again and again, and to push and jostle each other for the privilege of being the first to touch the hand of "The Coward of Salem."



THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: THE TURKISH GARRISON OF MALAXA PRISONERS IN GENERAL VASSOS' CAMP AT ALYKIANON, CRETE.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

men, but Tom will fight her to the bitter end. Is the breeze getting up?"

"Yes, father, and our men are making all sail. Now you feel the bark heeling over to it. Can she board us if the breeze holds like this?"

"I hope they won't try it, but they are reckless devils, and will dare anything. My God! to think I should be blind and helpless in such an emergency! Look for me, girl—let me know what is going on. What are our men doing?"

"Standing to their guns. Here comes a broadside from the pirate. Oh, father, father, but did you feel that crash? Do you know that a man has been killed?"

"Softly, girl—don't get excited," he chided. "That ball struck the bulwarks amidships, and has done no great damage. A man or two killed signifies nothing. Heavens! but I'd give ten years of my life to be able to see for an hour. Is the brig creeping up?"

"Yes, she is nearer. There's another broadside, but none of the balls touched us. I can see the men at her guns—I can see them making more sail—they are cheering again!"

"Yes, I hear them. They are making more sail in order to lay us aboard. How is the weather, girl?"

"It's clear, father. No—there is the look of a squall in the west. The brig is nearer—nearer! What ails Tom—why don't he fight her?"

"He's waiting, and that's right. That's the way I'd fight her. Let her come close in, and then dose her. Have any of the men fainted?"

"Never a one; and Tom, father—Tom is walking about

THE TIMBER INDUSTRY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

Foremost among the natural products of Western Australia is timber, which is fast becoming a source of great wealth to the colony.

It is estimated that the forests of Karri and Jarrah are practically inexhaustible, and Mr. J. Ednie Brown, the Conservator of Forests, fixes the marketable value of the timber now matured in Western Australia, after a liberal deduction of one-third for waste in sawing, at the magnificent total of £124,000,000 sterling. In other words, the forest resources of Western Australia cover

the present public indebtedness, as well as the sum of £7,000,000 about to be raised by the colony for public purposes, more than eleven times over. Practically, all this timber is located in the southwest division of the colony, and is in most cases comparatively close to ports of shipment. The Karri-tree is the giant tree of Western Australia. An average tree may be reckoned at 200 ft. in height, and 4 ft. in diameter at 3 ft. to 4 ft. from the ground, and about 120 ft. to 150 ft. to the first branch. Trees of this size are generally sound in every respect, and may be expected to turn out timber free from dry rot, gum veins, etc., to which large trees are usually subject. The King Karri has attained the height of 300 ft. and 180 ft. to the first limb, with a circumference of between 20 ft. and 30 ft. at the base. One tree has yielded nearly 6000 cubic ft. of timber. Karri is harder and heavier than Jarrah, and therefore, for a certain class of work, is more durable and to be preferred. Jarrah,

on the other hand, is especially suitable for submarine structures such as jetties and wharves, as it resists the ravages of the *teredo navalis*, or sea-worm. For railway-sleepers, the upper parts of bridges, and especially road-making—for which last purpose it is now being extensively employed in London and other cities—Karri is invaluable. We give some pictures of the splendid Karri forests at Denmark Hills, belonging to Messrs. C. and E. Millar, and also an illustration showing their extensive timber dépôt near Albany. This is the largest timber company established in the colony, and it is rapidly extending its operations both in Western Australia, Great Britain, South America, and South Africa.

The various timber stations of Messrs. C. and E. Millar have their own lines of railway, and the industry is being developed in a very enterprising manner. It is, however,

still capable of considerable extension, and no doubt, as the merits of the two principal hard-woods of the colony become better known, they will be very generally utilised. At the present time there are not less than 2000 men employed in connection with the various saw-mills in Western Australia, and with their wives and families there are something like 5000 souls in the colony connected with or depending upon the timber industry. It is estimated that the capital represented in the colony by the various saw-mills, their railways, tramways, jetties, locomotive engines, trucks, wagons, live-stock and buildings, is not far short of £1,000,000. With especial regard to the use of Karri and Jarrah for

and, in the opinion of authorities, they are much to be preferred to soft-wood or pine on sanitary grounds, being almost non-absorbent. The prime cost of pine is not so great as that of Karri or Jarrah, but the life of the Australian timbers has been proved, in more than one part of London, to be three times that of soft-wood, whereas the actual first cost is only about sixty per cent. more.

But not only are Karri and Jarrah most useful timbers for street paving; experience goes to show that they are quite invaluable for railway construction and equipment. They are practically imperishable, and will neither rot in the

ground nor yield to the ravages of the white ant and other destructive insects. Owing to these qualities, it is not necessary to creosote Karri or Jarrah sleepers, and the chairs for the rails do not require so broad a base as in the case of soft-wood sleepers. For bridge planking, shafts, spokes, felloes, and large planking of any sort, general wagon-work, and beams, there are few timbers which equal the West Australian Karri and Jarrah. Among the authorities who have reported with great favour on the usefulness of Karri are M. A. Petsche, Municipal Engineer of the city of Paris, and most of the leading engineers and surveyors of the London vestries. M. Petsche places it next to teak and lime in the matters of density and durability, while for economy and ease in working he prefers it to either. Mr. Laslett, late one of the Surveyors to the Admiralty, submitted Karri to some very exhaustive tests, and found that its crushing strain was greater than was that of either oak or Jarrah,

which renders it especially suitable for the beds of heavy machinery. The Surveyors of the Lambeth, Paddington, and St. Pancras Vestries are unanimous in their preference of the Australian hard-woods over any other material for street-paving. Piccadilly Circus and a portion of Piccadilly were recently paved with Karri, and the whole of Regent Street is shortly to be laid down with the same wood; and recently the Borough Engineer of Hastings reported on the timber in the most favourable terms, and recommended its adoption in that town wherever the traffic is at all heavy. Under the circumstances, then, it is reasonable to anticipate a considerable extension of the export of timber from Western Australia to this and other countries, and the Premier, Sir John Forrest, was justified in the opinion which he lately expressed, that the industry is one of great and growing importance to the colony.



A GIANT KARRI-TREE IN DENMARK HILLS FOREST, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

road-paving purposes, it is interesting to learn that these Colonial hard-woods are now largely superseding such materials as asphalt and soft-wood. Mr. C. Gibson, Millar, one of the principal forest owners in Western Australia, is now in London, and that gentleman has recently stated that it is quite impossible at the present time for his saw-mills in Western Australia to keep pace with current demands. His mills, which turn out something like 40,000 loads of Karri, not to mention Jarrah, per annum, are working day and night, and the machinery is being duplicated with the least possible delay. Meanwhile, orders are arriving for the timber from several of the London vestries, as well as from Paris, New York, and other parts of the world. The special qualities of Karri and Jarrah which recommend them for road-paving are their remarkable toughness and durability,



FOREST RAILWAY, WITH TRAIN OF KARRI LOGS, DENMARK HILLS, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.



KARRI DÉPÔT AND GOVERNMENT RAILWAY-PIER, ALBANY, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

LITERATURE.

MR. GEORGE GISSING'S NEW NOVEL.

Mr. George Gissing is probably the most careful observer of shady society now writing the English language. There is no doubt that the society he observes is shady, despite the fact that Mr. Gissing very earnestly desires to impress upon his readers that it is representative. He has, in the construction of *The Whirlpool* (Lawrence and Bullen), launched rather evasively, but very bitterly, against the influences which have gone to build up the latter-day civilisation of London, and so long as he holds you in the grip of his story he succeeds almost painfully in creating the illusion he desires. But his story, singularly powerful though it be in passages, and always disposed with great care, has a somewhat disjointed structure. Part scarcely grows from part with that inevitability which you expect from work so responsible and so weightily considered, with the result that the satire sometimes loses both its point and its coherence. You experience this most of all at the end, which disappoints by very reason of the strength and power of preceding pages. Mr. Gissing gathers his forces with so vehement an effort, as it were, that when a somewhat melodramatic and obvious conclusion follows that effort you cannot but feel that the labour was disproportionate to the result. Still, while the effort is in the making, he succeeds very prettily in persuading one that the artifice of modern life—its imposition of what may be called superfluous necessities—is a hollow and depressing sham. His characters, those at least upon which he has expended his chief pains, are without exception either knaves or fools, and their surroundings are neatly begrimed by the common sordidness of the business speculations of our times. Mr. Gissing, again, has one rare quality, invaluable to the satirist: he has no mercy; if he arouses sympathy with any doomed man or woman, you indulge the feeling at your peril, for he strikes and does not spare. His story, therefore, despite its defects and its commonplace conclusion, does not fail in its rather oppressive mission. It turns the heart dry for the day, and shows life in its arid and desert places. If it be art both to resolve to do this thing and to do it successfully, Mr. Gissing is an artist without question or doubt; certainly he has a grave mastery over his material, even if the result of its manipulation is neither sublime nor beautiful. Finally, in a writer who loves to make an off-hand show of knowledge, every detail of his work should be accurate. Mr. Gissing likes, for example, to show an off-hand knowledge of music; he should remember that in 1890 one did not go casually to the Crystal Palace to hear "something new of Sterndale Bennett's," who died in 1875, and that the *cadenza* of Beethoven's Violin Concerto occurs in the third and not in the first movement.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The skull of a man who had been killed in a Tipperary faction fight was produced in evidence at the trial of his slayer, whose sole plea in mitigation of his sentence was: "Sure a man wid a skull as thin as that, my Lord, had no business to be in a fight at all, at all." In reading *The Betrayal of John Fordham* (Hutchinson and Co.) you are again and again inclined to cry, What else but betrayal upon betrayal could a man with a skull as thick as that expect? Even his meek and Maw-worm-like submission in manhood to his fiendish step-mother hardly prepares you for his imbecile dealings with his wife. Having found her on their bridal night in a state of drunken stupefaction, with one bottle of brandy beside her drained to the dregs and five others secreted for future consumption, he hid what was unconsumed in a trunk, and made her take an oath of total abstinence when she came to herself. Not many minutes after taking it she got from him by stratagem the key of the trunk containing the brandy, had a facsimile of it made from an impression in wax, and recovered and consumed the rest of the liquor. Neither this, however, nor her shameless falsehood, treachery, and even savagery, can rouse him—though he has lost all love for her—to rebellion. Indeed, long before we come to the murder mystery our sympathy is so alienated from this lily-livered hero that we are interested in its clearing-up only as we are interested in the answer to a riddle. It is a rather clumsily constructed mystery, too, needing a double for the murdered man as well as for his murderer; but Mr. Farjeon has certainly succeeded in concealing from us its complicated solution.

In *The Sacred Tree; or, The Tree in Religion and Myth* (Macmillan), Mrs. J. H. Philpot has put into interesting and attractive shape a considerable mass of curious information about the worship of plants, which, with that of animals, has filled so large a place in barbaric religions. Moreover, the value of what is herein collected is the greater since even the faiths of to-day, among civilised folk, evidence in floral decorations of churches, wreaths on graves, and harvest festivals how deeply intertwined is the old with the new. And then so much of poetry and of the humane feelings, which are based on primitive ideas of a communal life in man and beast and tree, lie at the heart of all this. Less repellent rites have attended plant-worship than animal-worship, the reason being probably in the more gracious conceptions awakened by all that is manifest in plant-life and in its benefits to man. As offshoot of belief in the tree as animate and rational, and as the haunt or shrine of deity or dryad, there is the belief;

found among many barbaric tribes, in their actual descent from some special tree, of whose fruit they will therefore not eat; a belief which is the parent of many a strange marriage and other custom. The *taboo* is further shown in the group of parallels to the Tree of Knowledge in the Garden of Eden which Mrs. Philpot has gathered from Oriental sources, and which have suggestive illustrations on Assyrian bas-reliefs. Then there is gossip of the pleasant order about the great world-tree of Norse and other mythologies, and industrious tracing of the old cult to its well-nigh extinct forms in Jack-of-the-Green and the May Queen; all enlivening a volume to be commended as focussing a subject which has often only incidental treatment.

The Enemies (Archibald Constable and Co.) is not sufficiently buoyant as a story to float the dead weight of ponderous politics with which it is water-logged. To say the whole truth, the story itself is almost as leaden as its political padding. Its keynote is struck in the second page, where Mother Thérèse Raquin seeks to wean from the world a pupil of her convent in this characteristically conventional strain: "Stesichorus tells us that the combatants at Troy were fighting about a phantom Helen in ignorance of the true one... Home! love! children! What are they worth? Do you remember the answer of Sophocles to the

descendants, A.D. 445 to A.D. 1896 (Elliot Stock). The General charges Charles Kingsley not only with gross inaccuracy of detail, but with having on his title-page styled Hereward "the Wake" simply to gratify a family of that name whose claim to a descent from Hereward General Harward denies. *Non nostrum tantas componere lites*. The General's own biography of Hereward is partly conjectured, but he has collected, with great industry, all the authentic information to be discovered respecting him. In the elaborate genealogies collected and given in appendices to the volume there is an interesting biographical notice of John Harvard, the Londoner who in the third decade of the seventeenth century emigrated to America and founded the oldest University now in the United States, Harvard, near Boston, Massachusetts.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. David Christie Murray is republishing, through Messrs. Chatto and Windus, that interesting series of articles, dealing with his brother novelists, which attracted so much attention when they appeared in the columns of the *Weekly Sun*.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science will hold its meeting this year in Toronto, and its preliminary prospectus gives the suggestion of many delightful trips to Niagara and other picturesque quarters of the American Continent. The whole trip, as mapped out by the Association, will cost the scientific picnicker the sum of £60, including the fare to Montreal, the expenses of the voyage, his board and lodging for four weeks in Canada, and a large number of miscellaneous travelling expenses during his stay. From my recollection of a pleasant visit to Toronto, I am quite sure that the members of the Association will receive an abundance of kindly hospitality, and will thoroughly enjoy their trip.

Yet another book upon the Brontës, in addition to the one by the Rev. Angus Mackay, which Messrs. Service and Paton will publish on May 1. This time it is a small volume by a young Halifaxian, and it treats of a visit to County Down and a walk in the footsteps of old Patrick Brontë's family. It will be found that Mr. Ramsden does not endorse the view taken by Dr. Wright in his volume, "The Brontës in Ireland." The book will be published by the Roxburgh Press.

I am surprised that so well informed a journal as the *Literary World* should give such very unsafe advice as that contained in a recent issue in reference to the publication of letters. A writer in the *Rocket* states that he has a large number of unpublished letters written by Charlotte Brontë in his possession. I am not at all certain that these letters would prove to be genuine—in fact, I believe the contrary—but in any case the advice of the *Literary World* that the author should publish them as speedily as possible would only end that individual in disastrous litigation. The letters of Charlotte Brontë, as of every other deceased writer, are the copyright of her executors, or of those to whom the executors may have assigned that right. In the case of Charlotte Brontë—as in the case of Thackeray—the right has been ultimately assigned to others than the immediate family. All Thackeray's letters, for example, are the copyright of Messrs. Smith and Elder, and not of Thackeray's family, and this may, perhaps, be considered the real reason why we have no Thackeray biography. Mr. George Smith, of Smith and Elder, is, it is well known, strongly opposed to the publication of details concerning people with whom he had business relations.

It can scarcely be doubted that, in the case of Thackeray at any rate, Mr. George Smith is ill advised. The volume of Thackeray's letters to Mrs. Brookfield, which were issued in an American magazine, at a time when the non-existence of copyright made such a proceeding possible, did a great deal to increase the popular esteem for Thackeray as a man. Up to that time Thackeray had generally been adjudged by a very large number of his readers as a brilliant but entirely cynical person. Mrs. Brookfield's letters completely changed that view; they showed one of the most generous-hearted and kindly men that have ever lived. The letters, however, obtained little currency in England. Messrs. Smith and Elder published a limited edition, to preserve the copyright here, and then allowed the book to go out of print.

As in the case with Byron, steps have more than once been taken to protect the rights of the proprietors in Thackeray's letters. Only a year or two ago, a pamphlet which was issued by a London bookseller—a reprint of Mr. Yates's account of his quarrel with Thackeray—was threatened with injunction by Messrs. Smith and Elder, on account of its containing certain letters of Thackeray's, and was summarily suppressed.

Mr. Henry Norman, who did such brilliant service for the *Daily Chronicle* at Athens during the crisis preceding the Greco-Turkish War, has returned to England. It is to be hoped that Mr. Norman will speedily give us a small book upon the situation, at a popular price.

Mr. Barry Pain has written twelve stories dealing with the life and times of Robin Hood for the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

C. K. S.



WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XXVI.—MR. GEORGE GISSING

Mr. George Gissing, whose new novel, "*The Whirlpool*," is reviewed in these columns, is a son of Thomas Waller Gissing, the botanist, and was born at Wakefield something under forty years ago. He published his first novel, "*The Unclassed*," in 1884, and followed it up two years later with "*Demos*," a striking study of English Socialism. Since then "*Thyrsa*," "*The Emancipated*," "*New Grub Street*," "*Born in Exile*," "*In the Year of Jubilee*," and other novels have won a place of their own in latter-day literature by reason of their author's faithful realism, and the patient massing of detail which is the distinguishing characteristic of his literary method. Of late Mr. Gissing's work has received considerable critical attention in France.

question of Love? 'Hush! to my great delight I have escaped from it, and feel as if I had escaped from a frantic and savage monster.' Madame Thérèse Raquin's heavy metal is grotesquely disproportioned to the silly little mind at which it is discharged, for we have not often come across a more inane creature than the heroine who was thus admonished. She is so little likely to be influenced by quotations from Sophocles and Stesichorus that after her marriage to the hero she confesses to care to read only *Answers!* Indeed, she lacks not merely the intellect but the instincts of an adult woman, since she is horrified to find that the furious love she encourages her husband's treacherous friend to make to her has a guilty aim. A hero, however, whose revenge upon this treacherous friend takes the sordid form of demanding peremptorily the repayment of £1400 he has lent him, seems to the reader to be not undeserving of such a friend and of such a wife.

Lieutenant-General Harward claims to be a descendant of the Anglo-Saxon hero who is known here and there to the "general reader," through Charles Kingsley's historical novel "*Hereward the Wake*." General Harward, therefore, takes a peculiar interest in his ancestor, and in the claims, often he thinks ill-founded, of many English families to be descended from Hereward. Hence his learned quarto, *Hereward the Saxon Patriot: A History of his Life and Character, with a Record of his Ancestors and*

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

READING THE LATEST NEWS AT LARISSA.



SOLDIERS SINGING THEIR NATIONAL SONGS AT A FRONTIER CAFÉ.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE AND HIS BROTHER, PRINCE NICHOLAS, DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF LARISSA.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

The Greek forces which last week held the important positions in front of Larissa and Turnava were completely put to rout between Mati and Delphi by the Turkish troops on April 23. They fell back on Larissa, but, in accordance with instructions received from Athens, abandoned the town, in spite of the fact that it had been strongly fortified, and retired to Thessala. Early on Sunday last the Turkish troops, under Edhem Pasha, marched into Larissa and occupied the town, which was practically deserted, even the non-military population having abandoned their houses and fled towards Volos. In the rout of the Greeks which led to the capture of Larissa several English war-correspondents narrowly escaped with their lives, and our own Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, lost his baggage and sketches in the general panic of the retreat. The sketch by Mr. Seppings Wright here reproduced shows the Larissa of a month ago in all the beauty of festive aspect and warlike display with which she welcomed the Crown Prince and his staff.



1. View of Bayas, Plain of Issus, Scene of the Battle between Alexander the Great and Darius.

2. Major Massey Distributing Relief to Destitute Armenian Villagers from the Duke of Westminster's Fund.

3. Major Massey Embarking at Bayas.

THE RELIEF OF DISTRESSED ARMENIANS.
From Sketches by Fleet-Paymaster Hoskyns.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The King of Italy narrowly escaped being killed the other day, and the Italians have every reason to rejoice at the miscarriage of the attempt, for as yet it is by no means proved that the Duke of Naples would make a better ruler than, or as good a ruler as, his father. In fact, the removal by assassination of a Sovereign, whether constitutional or autocratic, seems nowadays, and apart from all ethical considerations, a needless crime, whatever apparent justification there may have existed for it in the distant past. When Dionysius of Syracuse lay dying an old woman was heard praying for his life in the temple. "How can you pray for the life of such a wretch?" asked a bystander. "I prayed for the death of his predecessor," was the answer, "and see what we have got instead!"

In the majority of cases this former element of uncertainty in the succession to a throne cannot be advanced at present to extenuate—I do not say "to absolve"—a crime of that kind. Michael Obrenovitch of Servia was murdered for the express purpose of reinstating Alexander Karageorgevitch; in spite of this, Milan, the nephew of the murdered Prince, succeeded his uncle, and subsequent events have shown that the husband of Nathalie de Kleyko was inferior both to the man in whose interest the crime was committed and to him who was the victim of it. If Rysakoff, Elnikoff, and Schielaboff argued with themselves at all before that fatal Sunday morning (March 1-13, 1881), they must have inevitably arrived at the conclusion that the death of Nicholas the First's son would not entail the overthrow of the régime they professed to wish to destroy; they must, moreover, have been aware that Alexander III., had he been more liberal than he was known to be, would of necessity inaugurate a more severe rule than that of his martyred sire, lest he, the son, should be suspected of yielding to fear. Neither Hödel nor Noblung could have fancied for an instant that Frederick would decline the succession of his father if the attempt on Wilhelm the First's life had been successful.

It becomes, then, very evident that the would-be regicide of to-day—I mean the isolated regicide, as distinct from those upon whom the appellation has been bestowed in connection with the deaths of Charles I. and Louis XVI.—is, not to mince words, a lunatic. Balthazar Geraarts, Jacques Clément, Ravaillac, Charlotte Corday, Louvel, Fieschi, and Orsini were, on the other hand, absolutely sane, and so were all to intents and purposes the murderers of Gustavus III. and of Peter III. and Paul I. of Russia. All these, with the exception of the slayer of Marat, were the instruments of vast-reaching or merely limited conspiracies, or else hired assassins, whose pretended fanaticism for a cause did not prevent them from bargaining for a substantial reward for the accomplishment of a foul deed. When the grandfather of the present Count Munster was sent to St. Petersburg shortly after the assassination of Catherine the Great's eldest son, a high official showed him over the scene of the crime. The Ambassador could not help showing his horror. "It is but perfectly logical, M. le Comte," was the remark; "we live under an

autocracy tempered by assassination." There is no positive proof that Alexander I. was absolutely aware of the contemplated murder of his father, but he was cognisant of the plot to remove him by force.

Louvel, who murdered the Duc de Berri, struck an heroic attitude in court. The Procureur-General having made use of the words "cowardly murder" more than once, Louvel exclaimed, "Coward, coward! You do not know, Monsieur, the amount of courage it requires to kill a man who never did you any harm. Since the 15th of June, 1815, the cannon of Waterloo has never ceased to ring in my ears." This was supposed to signify that the Duc de Berri had paid the penalty for his uncle's restoration by

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Dean of Ripon took part in the opening of a Good Friday bazaar at Ripon on behalf of the Methodist mission. He was complimented by the minister of Zion Chapel in Ripon for his "liberality and broad-mindedness, and his utter freedom from sectarian bonds."

Father Black has been able to register another protest against what he considers an unlawful marriage ceremony. The occasion was the marriage of Sir Henry Meredith, Bart., at Christ Church, Mayfair. The incumbent, the Rev. H. Rowsell, was not present, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. B. W. Day, curate of Christ Church, Somers Town. Father Black, at great inconvenience, took a long journey in order to dissuade all the parties concerned.

I am glad to hear that the Rev. Canon Benham has undertaken the Boyle Lectures. His subject is characteristic—namely, "The Light that Lighteth Every Man." Canon Benham is an accomplished scholar, and his Life of Cowper is a masterpiece in its way. His "Dictionary of Religion," in which it is understood he was assisted by his accomplished daughters, is also a thoroughly trustworthy and useful book. Canon Benham may be described as a Broad High Churchman, and he is in the friendliest relations with Nonconformists.

The late Sir Thomas Elder, of South Australia, who left a large fortune, has bequeathed £8000 to his own denomination and £4000 to St. Peter's Cathedral, Adelaide. He has also left the large sum of £65,000 to the University of Adelaide, an institution which boasts of some eminent professors, and will now be materially strengthened.

The *Times* has given nearly a page in large type to an article on Nonconformity written from a Nonconformist standpoint. The author is said to be Mr. Howard Kennedy, son of the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, formerly of Stepney Meeting. Mr. Kennedy is the editor of the weekly edition of the *Times*, and has written a short popular life of his relative, Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh.

Lord Grimthorpe says that innocent divorcees may compel clergymen to marry them, and recover penalties if they

refuse, after the most public notice in church, but not after only private notice to a surrogate, which one would think a smaller scandal, if any.

Some attention is being directed by a volume entitled "Lectures on Religion," by Mr. Leighton Pullan, M.A., of Oxford. Mr. Pullan argues that Unitarians are changing their position in favour of a more orthodox point of view as regards the authorship and interpretation of the fourth Gospel, and the doctrines of the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation.

A curate describes an interview he had with Archbishop Temple before taking priest's orders. The Archbishop did not give him a long discourse on the great advantages of regular study, but he summed up in one sentence everything that can be said on the subject: "If you do not read before you are forty you will be a stick." Those who know him will understand the emphasis on the last word.



THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR: GUARDING THE BRIDGE ON THE ROAD TO REVENI.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Scopps Wright.

T H E G R A E C O - T U R K I S H W A R .



AT A STREET CORNER NEAR THE POST-OFFICE, LARISSA.
From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

THE GRÆCO-TURKISH WAR.



AN ALBANIAN SOLDIER LIGHTING A SIGNAL-FIRE.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In a single issue of a newspaper a short time ago I read of no fewer than three cases of food-poisoning. Two of these were caused by tinned meat, and the third by tinned sardines. The cases were described as being of a serious nature, although at the time of their being reported no deaths had occurred. I have referred in this column to the importance of securing the purity of preserved foods, and indeed of foods of all kinds, in view of the risks which appear to attend the occasional consumption of otherwise healthy articles of diet. The thought occurred to me in connection with the reported cases to which I have alluded, that possibly the external temperature may have more to do with the production of poisonous principles in foods than one might be given to suppose. The cold wave of the previous ten days or so was succeeded by very warm and close weather, and it is notable that the cases of food-poisoning occurred (in different localities) after the invasion of the hot period. It is, of course, undeniable that in summer, cases of food-poisoning are more numerous than in winter, owing to the prevailing heat, which favours the multiplication of the microbes, to whose influence, directly or indirectly, the poisonous effects in question are due.

The practical conclusion to which we are led by this consideration is that special care should be exercised over all preserved and other meats in the warm weather; while I should add to this caution another—namely, that the layers of food next the tin should not be eaten, and that once a tin has been opened, its contents should be consumed as quickly as possible. Where a tin has been opened and its contents allowed to remain exposed to the air (especially in places where the atmosphere has not been of the purest order), the risks of injurious decomposition of the meat are, I believe, largely increased. Beyond such precautions, I do not know that any further hygienic advice can be tendered on this matter of food-poisoning. There are certain cases in which no theory of exposure of the food to injurious outside influences can be said to explain the development of poisonous qualities. Thus, sardines partaken of from a newly opened tin have been known to cause serious, if not fatal illness. Here we are thrown back on the supposition that some injurious property was originally represented in the food, and of the source of this poisonous quality—assuming it did not depend on any preventable decay or putrefaction before the fish was tinned—we may be said to know nothing whatever.

In referring to the researches into the utilisation of waste-products in butterflies in the way of pigment formation, I find I did injustice inadvertently to Mr. F. Gowland Hopkins, M.B., B.Sc., of Guy's Hospital, in crediting investigations of his to M. Mayer. I am pleased to correct this error of mine, and to note, for the convenience of those interested in the matter, that Mr. Hopkins's paper on "The Pigments of the Pieridae" is published in the "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society," Vol. 186 (1895).

We have all heard of the famous "wooden nutmegs" which Transatlantic enterprise is said to have evolved as a special development of the acute commercial spirit. An equally shady side of trade appears of late days to have been represented by an industry which, according to a Bulletin issued by the Entomology Section of the United States Agriculture Department, has been practised both in France and in Pennsylvania. I refer to the breeding of spiders for the purpose of securing a stock of cobwebs. When we discover that the cobwebs are to be used by wine merchants wherewith to invest their bottles, and to give to the vinous products, it may be of last year, the aspect of a fine old vintage, we again realise how highly evolved the commercial ingenuity of the day has become. Most of my readers will agree with me in thinking that it is a matter of regret that the development of the moral sense has not also taken place in a direct ratio to the ingenuity exhibited in the matter of spider-culture. We are further informed of at least one location of the cobweb industry. This is said to be represented by a village in the Loire Department. In America, "near Philadelphia," is the description given of the culture-locale. The names of the spiders are given as *Epeira vulgaris* and *Nephila plumipes*—ingenuity being again exercised, I should say, in the selection of common species, whose webs, in a state of nature, would be likely to abound in cellars.

The old but interesting topic of the origin of right-handedness is once again being revived. On this occasion the theorists are falling back on the conditions of body, rather than on the nature and superiority of the left half of the brain, as explanatory of the predominance of the right hand over the left. Drs. Poore and Struthers have been discussing the overbalancing tendencies, if I may so term them, which exist as a result of the unequal distribution of the internal organs. Dr. Struthers, in particular, refers to the presence of the big solid liver lying to the right side of the stomach, which, he says, more than balances the weight of the heart, which slopes across to the left side of the chest. It was calculated that the right side of an adult had a weight-preponderance of at least 15½ ounces on the right side. Hence Dr. Struthers maintains we have a greater weight thrown on the right than on the left leg, and this physical preference for the right side below has naturally extended to the use of the right arm above. Here, we see, the explanation credits the left brain development (governing the right side of the body) as following, and not as causing, the choice of the right limb as the favourite and special member. In young children it is maintained there is no preference exhibited for the use of the right hand over the left so long as they are crawling about in the quadrupedal attitude; but when the erect and typically human posture is assumed, we find the tendency to right-handedness to become actively manifested. I do not know that Dr. Struthers' views will commend themselves to every thinker, but his eminence as an anatomist entitles his opinions to be received with attention and respect. At the very least, the views he has expressed present us with a plain and practical reason why we should be right-handed at all.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W BIDDE.—The problem was sent on Dec. 31 from Albert Road. We have the diagram in your handwriting if you wish to see it.

W S B (Sunbury).—We should say the solver who gave both key moves ranked higher than the solver who only gave one.

PION NOIR.—In No. 1, if Black play 1. K takes Kt there is no mate, and in No. 2, if Black play 1. R to B 3rd there again does not appear to be a mate.

J MACDONALD.—We regret the mistake, but certainly do not censure you for it. It is a misfortune common to the tribe of composers.

A FELLOWS (Birmingham).—We are much obliged for your careful analysis, and will examine it thoroughly before commenting upon it.

H V H STONE (Aylesbury).—A problem the solution of which proceeds entirely by checks is not admissible in a modern column.

H B JACKSON (Talau, Fiji).—Your contributions shall be carefully looked over and duly reported upon.

W H GRUNDY.—Your problem is too easy for our use.

L DESANGES.—We regret to have to trouble you for a diagram of the corrected position, the original one having been destroyed.

J T ANDREWS, P H WILLIAMS, EDWARD DE LIMA (Bombay).—Your problems are marked for insertion in due course.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2761 received from C A M (Penang), Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah), Thomas Devlin (Arcata, California); of No. 2762 from Thomas E Laurent (Bombay), Upendranath Maitra, and Thomas Devlin; of No. 2764 from Percy Charles (New York), and J Kippax (Philadelphia); of No. 2766 from C E M (Ayr), Dame John, C E II (Clifton), Professor Charles Wagner, Dr Edridge-Green (Hendon), and Joseph T Pullen (Exeter); of No. 2767 from R H Brooks, C E II (Clifton), Matfield, H W Winterburn, C E M (Ayr), Castle Lea, J Emerson (Saltaire), Dr Edridge-Green (Hendon), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), Charles Burnett, M G D, Captain J A Challie (Great Yarmouth), W David (Cardiff), C M A B, Gertrude Timothy, H Le Jeune, and William D J Edwards.

CONNECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2768 received from J Bailey (Newark), Fred Elliot (Crouch End), W Pilkington, William D J Edwards, J S Wesley (Exeter), Frank Proctor, S Davis (Cockermouth), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), H Le Jeune, Albert Ludwig (Alsace), F Anderson, Charles Burnett, Colonel Whitehead (Liverpool), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), J D Tucker (Leeds), E P Vulliamy, J F Moon, Matfield, F M'Mullan (Bandon) Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Castle Lea, R Worts (Canterbury), C E II (Clifton), H W Winterburn, Sorrento, L Desanges, C E Perugini, Ubique, G J Veal, Fred J Gross, S Davis (Leicester), George Vaughan (Putney), Bryn Melyn (Penmaenmawr), T G (Ware), Shadforth, T Roberts, F Hooper (Putney), C E M (Ayr), T A R (Surbiton), and F R Evans (Islington).

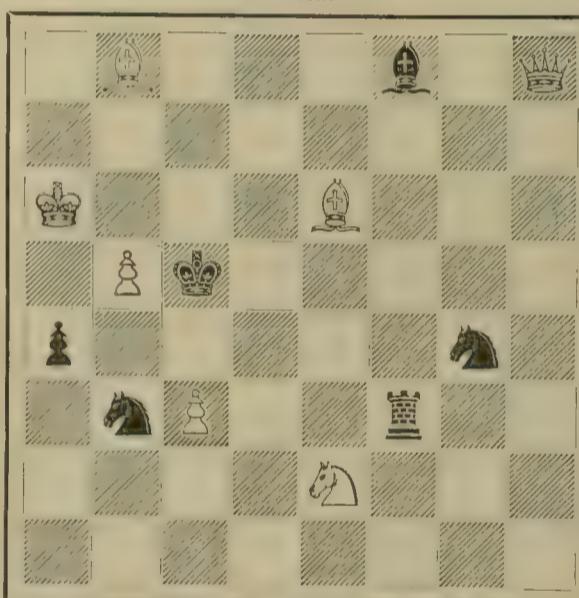
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2767.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 3rd	K to K 5th
2. R to B 5th	K takes R or moves
3. It or Kt mates.	

If Black play 1. K to B 5th, then 2. R to B 5th, and R mates next move.

PROBLEM NO. 2770.—By BERNARD FISON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played in the match between the City of London and North London Chess Clubs.

(French Defence.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(Mr. P. Healey, City).	(Mr. Chambers, North London).	(Mr. P. Healey, City).	(Mr. Chambers, North London).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	18. K R to B sq	B to Q 2nd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	19. P to R 4th	P to B 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	This is not to be recommended, for it will leave the King's Pawn weak later on.	
4. B to K Kt 5th	Kt to K 2nd	20. P to K R 5th	Kt to R sq
5. P to K 5th	Kt to Q 2nd	21. Kt to K 3rd	Q to Q sq
6. B takes B	Q takes B	22. P to K 4th	
7. Kt to Kt 5th	Q to Kt 5th (ch)		
This sortie of the Queen is but lost time, tending to delay the development of the opening.			
8. P to B 3rd	Q to R 4th	Appears hazardous, but we believe it to be sound notwithstanding.	
9. P to Q R 4th	P to Q R 3rd	22. P to R 3rd	P takes P
10. Kt to Q R 3rd	P to Q B 4th	23. Kt to Kt 2nd	Kt to B 2nd
11. Kt to B 2nd	Kt to Q B 3rd	24. P to K 5th	P to Kt 4th
12. Kt to B 3d		25. P tks P (<i>en pass.</i>)	Kt takes P
Kt to K 2nd is safer, for there is some danger ahead.			
12. P takes P	P takes P	26. Kt to B 4th	Kt takes Kt
13. P to Q Kt 4th	Q to B 2nd	27. Kt takes Kt	Kt to Kt 4th
14. P takes P	Kt to K 2nd	28. Q takes Kt	P takes Kt
Here Black failed to take advantage of his opponent's weakness. Kt takes Kt P, and his answer to Kt takes Kt, Q to B 6th (ch) yields a good attack, and a Pawn to boot.			
15. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to B sq	29. Q to B 3rd	B to K 3rd
16. B to Q 3rd	Kt (Bsq) to Kt 3	30. P takes P	P takes P
17. Castles (K R)		31. R to B 6th	Q to K 2nd
Black, having missed his opportunity, must put up with a less favourable position.			
17.	Castles	32. R to Kt 7th	Q to R 6th
		33. Q to R 2nd	B to Kt sq
		34. R takes P	R takes R
		35. B takes R	P to Kt 5th
		36. Q to B 4th	K to Kt 2nd
		37. R to Kt sq	K to Kt 3rd
		38. R to Kt 7th	Q to R 6th
		39. Q to R 2nd	B to Kt sq
		40. R to Kt 6th (ch)	K to B 2nd
		41. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to K 2nd
		42. Q to Kt 5th (ch)	K to Q 2nd
		43. R to Kt 7th (ch)	Resigns.

Whenever the Sessions House at the Old Bailey attains its destined state of completely rebuilt splendour it will have cost close upon £200,000, for, according to the report of the Finance Committee of the London Corporation, the cost of rebuilding and refitting the House will amount at least to £120,000, and the site, which is the freehold property of the Corporation, however, is valued at £71,750. This is certainly a good round sum, but it is suggested that the contributions to be made to it by the counties of Middlesex, Essex, and Surrey shall range proportionately to the sums which they contribute towards the salaries of the court.

ART NOTES.

The New Gallery justifies its title. Since the first years of the old Grosvenor Gallery seldom have the works of so many new artists of promise been gathered together. The directors, Messrs. Comyns Carr and C. E. Hallé, deserve every credit for the efforts they made to bring forward painters who might otherwise have waited years for public recognition. The exhibition is specially strong in landscape, and, by a strange perversity of fate, is weakest where one expected strength. Mr. Sargent's study of Mrs. George Batten singing (175) is as unpleasing as his portrait of Mrs. George Swinton (245) is ungraceful; and that of Lord Ros (240), by Mr. Shannon, is even painful; while that of the Marchioness of Granby, by the same artist, is disfigured by the painting of the hands. There is more satisfaction to be found in Mr. Arthur Melville's Moroni-like portrait of Mr. White (236), in Mr. Harold Speed's clever head of Mr. C. F. A. Voysey (231), and even in Mr. Herbert Schmalz's half-length of "John Oliver Hobbes" (93), spread out in a somewhat inelegant attitude, and painted throughout, including the accessories of the room, with the same emphasis. Mr. G. Spencer-Watson's "Femme du Peuple" (171) is quite the strongest bit of single-figure painting, and the group of Major Sterling's children (50), by the same artist, shows his powers in another and scarcely less favourable light. Mr. Watts's portrait of Mrs. Watts (140), Mr. J. W. Forster's of Canon Rawlinson (105), and Mr. G. H. Boughton's delightful child portrait of Esmé Robb (29) will also attract the notice they deserve.

Amidst the landscapes, in which one traces even among those artists most affected by foreign influences regretful memories of the old English school of Crome and David Cox, Mr. William Padgett's three pictures stand out as ideals of poetic treatment, that "On the Dunes" (88) being the most successful. Mrs. M. Ridley Corbet, in a very different mood, replaces gloom by sunshine in her three Italian landscapes, and shows us the joy of life in contrast with its toil. Mr. J. L. Pickering's "Norfolk Knoll" (108) is more vigorously painted, and Mr. Anderson Hague's "Farm Pond" (109) and "Welsh Trout Stream" (144), Mr. Arthur Ryle's "Ardorech Castle" (178), and Mr. Bertram Priestman's "The Mist Bank" (238), are good specimens of pure landscape work, in which one can trace the influence of open-air painting; but for exquisite beauty of modulated tones Miss Alma-Tadema's minute study of "Sunshine in the Highlands" (124) is one of the gems of the exhibition, well deserving its comparative isolation on the walls of the subject pictures. The most important as regards size is Sir E. Burne-Jones's "The Pilgrim of Love" (134), a sort of allegorical puzzle in which the painter delights, and of which the solution is best left to the spectator. How the pilgrim managed to make his way through thorns of such blood-curdling proportions without a single rent in his flowing robe we do not pretend to say. Mr. Philip Burne-Jones, with the aid of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, treats us to a modern version of "The Vampire" (15), which is treated with no little passion, but leaves an unpleasant impression. Mr. Charles Stewart's "Lullaby" (12) is one of those clever firelight effects which are more telling on canvas than in real life; and Mr. John R. Reid and Miss Flora Reid, although always able to attract attention by their studies of seaside village life, seem to force their colouring too persistently. Miss Mary Gow repeats with more or less identity of touch the gossamer effects of her last year's successful pictures; whilst Baron Arild Rosenkrantz's "Secret" (94), and M. Fernand Knopff's "Sleeping Medusa" (7), typified by a falcon with a woman's face, sustain the claims of the symbolists in art to recognition; but Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Mariana in the South" (163), and T. C. Gotch's "Jubilate Deo" (191) are a severe strain upon the fealty we owe to men who have done good work in their day.

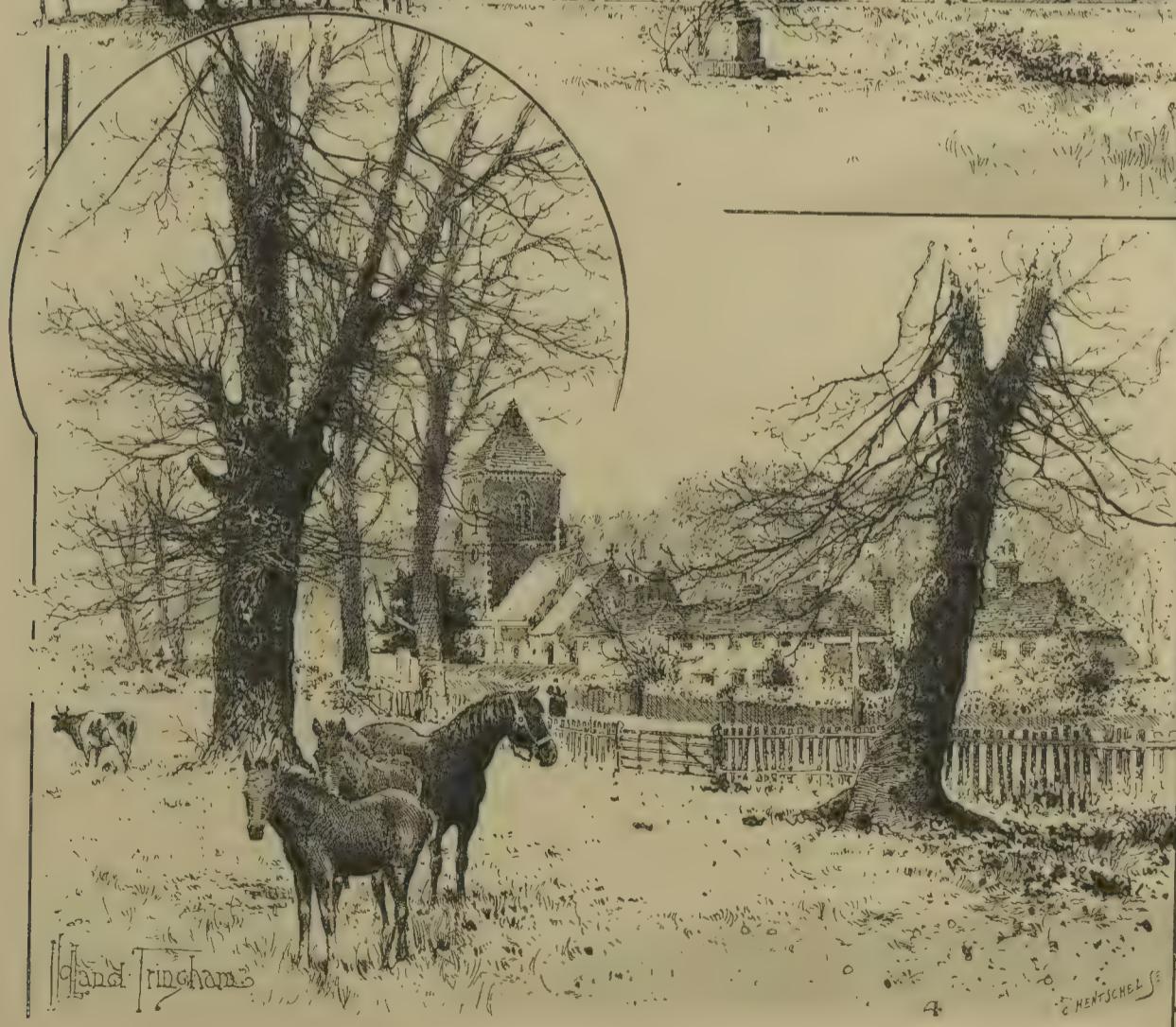
The Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours has wisely restricted the number of the pictures exhibited. It is much to be regretted that this reduction in quantity is not accompanied by an improvement in quality. Apart from certain works, in which we admit the artist's conventional treatment, the chief feature of the exhibition is the eccentricity of certain members, whose previous performances have not prepared us for such strange developments. For example, it is almost impossible to follow the quick changes of Mr. R. W. Allan's style, who by turn treats us to variations of English, French, and Scotch art, a most prominent place being awarded to his "Fresh from the Sea" (68), which might have been painted by Mr. Colin Hunter. Mr. Clarence Whaite is another instance of an artist in search of a new style, but apparently the allegorical, as shown in his treatment of "St. George and the Dragon" (153), or of "Lot and the Angels" (164), is hardly suited to his talents.

Of the pictures which really claim attention for their merit, those of the veteran President, Sir J. Gilbert, are the most prominent. Mr. Albert Goodwin's best work, as regards colour and effect, is the "View of the Plain of the Jumna from Agra Fort" (116); but his three Swiss sketches, although marked with great delicacy of touch, are somewhat over-fanciful in treatment. Miss Clara Montalba's views of Venice, especially that on the Giudecca (171), are, from her way of treatment, remarkably good; and Mr. Thomas Cooke's careful studies of street architecture in Normandy towns are bright and attractive. Mr. Matthew Hale is inadequately represented by his two small pictures, although his "Winter Twilight" (21) reveals another side of his powers. Mr. J. M. Swan's "Tiger and Tigress" (10) are fine in colour and majestic in pose, and Mr. J. Whaite and Mr. Charles Gregory are specially noticeable, the Toussaint town on the hillside of the latter presenting exquisite qualities. One feels justified in asking Sir E. Poynter whether it would be possible for the branches which form the framework of his Swiss landscape to throw such sharp shadows whilst the opposite shore of the lake was so gloomy and cloud-covered? It is interesting, however, to turn from the President's thoroughly academic work to the more distinctly modern methods of Mr. Arthur Melville, whose "Spanish Bull-Fight" (186) is a fine instance of glaring sunlight. Altogether, the exhibition bears witness to the vigour with which Sir John Gilbert holds his place as President.

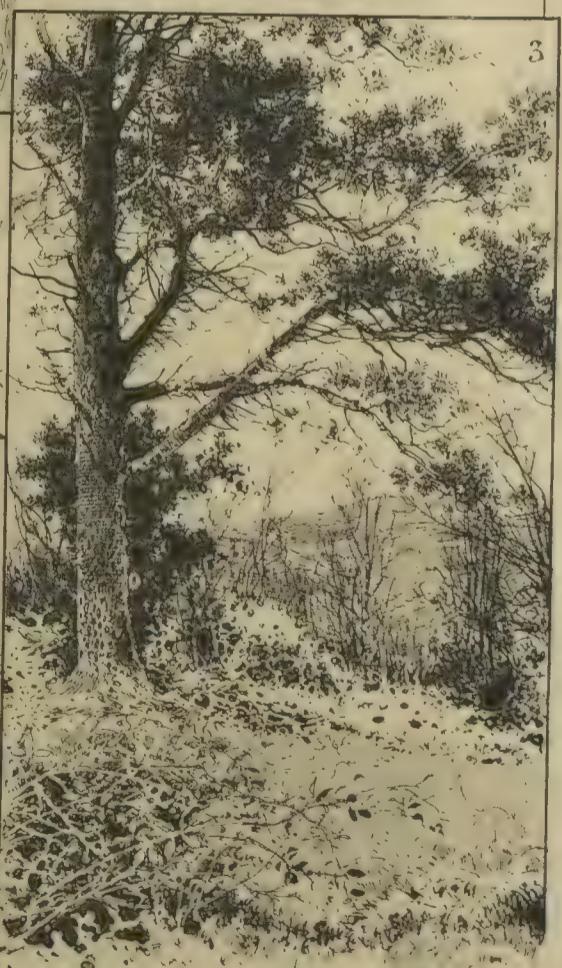
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3



1. Addington Palace, Garden Front.

2. Wickham Court.

3. Addington Woods.

4. The Village of Addington.

ADDINGTON PARK, THE RESIDENCE OF THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY, NOW ANNOUNCED FOR SALE.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

What lovely gowns are those worn in "Madame Sans Gène" at the Lyceum! They ought to be sufficient inducement to us to reconsider the doubtful charms of the early Victorian period of dress and enthusiastically adopt the graceful outlines of the Empire. There can be no comparison in the mind of the artist between the styles of the two centuries. There is elegance in every line of the gown worn by Miss Gertrude Kingston, while that it makes for



A NEW TEA-GOWN.

comfort more surely than our correct corsage is as clear to the eye of the beholder as to the waist of the wearer. Miss Kingston's train is a most exquisite shade of turquoise blue bordered with ermine and traced with silver wheat, and under the arms and round the bust is a band of jewelling in silver and gold and turquoise and pearls; while as an exquisite piece of colouring it would be hard to beat Miss Ellen Terry's evening dress—the rosace velvet train bordered with sable (?), with its front of ivory satin traced with amethyst and jewelling and pearls and gold. Such costumes would perhaps not be entirely suitable when we take our walks abroad; the outlines are, alas! impossible, for the Empire gown, unless it trails its length on the ground, is divested of its elegance; so, on the whole, perhaps we show a measure of sense in the affection we display for the utilitarian cloth skirt and plain coat. Yet I regretfully chronicle the fact that we must sacrifice the beautiful on the altar of the merely useful, while I remark with amazement and gratitude the enormous variety of coats to be found ready-made in London just now. In former days—but five years ago in fact—if we wanted a ready-made jacket we were bound to a certain style with a basque and full sleeves, and a little trimming down the front worked into a point down the back; but to-day there is no style on which we may set our hearts not to be obtained: there they are, finished and ready in all emporiums worthy of the name. The most popular of all the styles is the bolero; this varies to a certain extent, now being cut square, now round; then again it boasts revers, or it will have a high collar round the throat or one which turns down round the shoulders, and its sleeves will either extend over the hands or be cut in coat fashion to the wrist. It may be made double-breasted in the front or open to reveal a vest from neck to waist; it is braided in military fashion or in straight lines, either in black or with a liberal intermingling of tinsel. Next in popularity to this bolero comes the ordinary covert coat, fastening beneath a fly in the front. This seems to have perennial attractions, and is to be secured in every shade of drab, fawn, or blue cloth, covert coating or serge. For it is not alone in one material that you may buy such coats to-day, and it is remarkable at what price they may be obtained. I note one or two models quite worthy of being bought at a guinea complete, or lined with silk at thirty shillings, when material for the skirt to match may be bought by the yard to fulfil the economical aspirations of the home dressmaker. And writing the word "home," reminds me that it is my duty to detail the charms of that tea-gown sketched. The front is of black kilted crépe de chine, outlined with a conventional design in white satin, edged with gold and silver braid. The back will look well in black brocade for a matron, or might be most successfully made in cashmere of good quality in any light colour—rose pink, for instance, or heliotrope.

The other illustration shows a dress entirely made of cashmere in a soft grey tone, with revers of velvet covered

with lace, small black velvet ribbons fastening just at the yoke and below the waist with steel buttons, and striping the undersleeves, which, together with the vest, are made of crépe de chine. The hat is of one of the new grass-lawn straws covered with flowers with a few folds of chiffon draped round the brim. There are numbers of new straws in the market: Some of them have the appearance of fine muslin; others, again, going to the severe extreme, look like nothing but strips of cane. Then we have rustic straws of various descriptions, and once again the Tuscan and the Leghorn plead successfully for purchase. Of the darker colours, purple and dark blue are most in evidence in straw, and these may usually be found trimmed, whether they take the toque or bonnet form, with an erect bow of plaid ribbon and a few coloured flowers.

Plaid is really attaining that popularity with which we are constantly threatened. For the most part it is a very small plaid, the checks being of infinitesimal proportions and taking a combination of colours not necessarily Scotch. Mauve and white, and black are a popular combination for plaid, and blue and yellow will be found striping a shepherd's plaid with great success. These plaids are to be obtained in silk or in fine canvas cotton, and, as I have just said, many of the newest ribbons show such design, while the smartest of neckties, still adopting the stock form, are of checked ribbon; and an exceedingly pretty dress which I interviewed last week had a skirt of a very small check-poplin with rows of black velvet ribbon, and was completed with a mauve glacé bodice made with a basque tubbed and edged with the black velvet ribbon and showing in the front revers frilled with narrow lace striped with velvet ribbon, and a waistcoat of lisse covered from neck to waist with a lace cravat.

Coarse lace and fine lace are equally in favour, but among the former description stands Maltese as pre-eminently popular, while of the finer kinds, trimming the most attractive dresses of crépe de chine or muslin, Valenciennes, is, perhaps, more prominently in evidence. Fine soft fabrics are to have it all their own way this coming season, and the prettiest vests at the moment to be found for wearing beneath a light covert coat and skirt are unquestionably those which display bouillonnés of white chiffon alternating with little frills of Valenciennes gathered from a beading threaded with black velvet ribbons.

What a number of revivals are there in the field of Fashion! Plaid, black velvet, ribbon, sashes, barège, muslin—the name is legion of the stuffs that obtained in 1837 and successfully bid for popularity in 1897. We always return to our first loves, said some other philosopher.

Just a line to tell "Miss R." that the address she wants is Long Acre; I am not quite certain what number.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

It is interesting to know that the Greek hospital at the front has been almost entirely officered by English nurses. Four were selected by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick at the request of the Princess of Wales from among the members of the Royal British Nurses' Association, and six others were sent a few days later in response to a telegram from the Crown Princess of Greece, who, in the spirit becoming the Empress Frederick's daughter, is bending her personal energies to the organisation of the woman's part of war service, the weary and perilous task of tending the wounded. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick was able-to-despatch the parties within four days after the instructions were received, and to send nurses who are not only thoroughly competent in their professional capacity, but also are able to speak some one or more of the Continental languages.

According to the *Times*, a new lace-making machine has been invented that produces the delicate fabric so as to be absolutely undistinguishable from hand-work. The existing lace machinery has much diminished the demand for the real article, but machine-made lace was still an obvious imitation. Nobody at all used to see real lace could fail to detect the best product of the machine. Yet the excellence of the imitation has caused the lace-making industry to languish, and whilst nearly every occupation in which English women engage has enormously increased the number of its employees in the Queen's reign, the hand lace-makers are now far fewer than they were at the accession. It is the very irregularity of the hand-made laces that gives them their beauty, and, according to the account of the new machine, it gains this softness and absence of stiffness in the same way—it has a human irregularity in its orderliness. If this be true, there is yet another class of women deprived by machinery of their means of living.

There will always be a certain market, however, for hand-work and "the real thing," as is shown by the present price of real pearls, which are imitated with such perfection and skilful art that even experts have admitted to me that they cannot detect the false ones as they are being worn. The same love of the real is shown, too, by the revival of art-needlework, notwithstanding the unsurpassable beauty of modern woven fabrics. Not only does the Royal School of Art Needlework find a ready market for its own most beautiful and costly productions, but it has recently been asked to arrange classes for teachers for the country at large, and the Technical Education Board of the London County Council has given the school a grant to enable it to open such classes.

Art-needlework has, without intermission, been a recreation for ladies, and one that many of the brain workers of our sex have favoured. It is interesting to know that the great Empress-Queen of Austria-Hungary, Maria Theresa, solaced her cares of State in this manner. A large piece of embroidery that she worked is at this moment undergoing repair at the Royal School of Needlework in Vienna, and it is considered remarkably beautiful. So elaborate is it that several hands must be employed on it for ten years before its mere repairing can be completed,

and one wonders how long that busy Stateswoman was occupied about it. This fact may interest the readers of her Life just published in Messrs. Macmillan's "European Statesmen Series."

Maria Theresa, like our own Queen, was a very "motherly body." There are three or four portraits of her in those upstairs rooms at Versailles—*les attiques*—that contain a wonderful collection of historical portraits, which hardly anybody goes up to see. As she was the mother of Marie Antoinette, it is perhaps natural that those portraits of the great Empress-Queen should all show her as elderly; and she is a portly and sensible-looking matron, as to whom you would more readily postulate art-needlework than the great affairs of politics, in which we know she was so conspicuously active and able.

I have just revived my memories of those portraits in the course of taking a young girl round Paris, and I have been much struck with seeing the complete acceptance of the "rational" dress for women by the Parisians. It is not merely universal for cycling, but numbers of lady-like girls walk the streets in it, with as complete an unconsciousness in their own air, and as perfect an absence of public notice, or remark, as if they were dressed in the ordinary long skirt! A girl walking along in knickers may, indeed, be presumed to have been out on her cycle, and to have left it somewhere; and the flats so universal in Paris must necessitate stabling the "ironmongery" off the rider's own premises, so as to give some colour to the need for her walking to and from its place of abode. But the fact remains that the wearer of the rational costume is very frequently seen utterly apart from her machine, and that it would be possible for a woman who was not a cyclist to wear the costume as her usual walking dress without attracting any remark. I wonder if we shall ever come to this in England?

The Parisian ladies all wear their knickers so full that as the wearers walk there is no division visible: what the attire looks like is simply and merely a very short skirt. They are made belted round the knee, and thence to fall over so as to come to about the middle of the calf; and the jackets worn with them are generally short and loose, but fitting pretty closely round the figure, and ending either an inch or two above the waist line, showing the blouse at the back, that is also visible in front where the little coat falls open; or else just turning the waist line, in the latter case being generally cut up an inch or two in tabs and bound round to make a finish. Really there is nothing immodest in the garb, if



A CASHMERE DRESS.

once you will admit the propriety of a full-grown woman displaying her ankles (and a little more) as you do admit that a girl of twelve may do; and on the cycle this garb is certainly incomparably more suitable than a skirt going up and down at each revolution.

The Ladies' Kennel Association has held its adjourned meeting, and it seems to have been as orderly and successfully managed as a gathering can be when matters in dispute are to be discussed. The end of it was that seventeen ladies seceded from the society, but some influential new members were announced. As the show held by the Association at Holland House last season realised the sum of £200 odd for charity, it would be a pity if the Association were not able to weather this storm, on wider grounds than in the interests of pet dogs.

F. F.-M.



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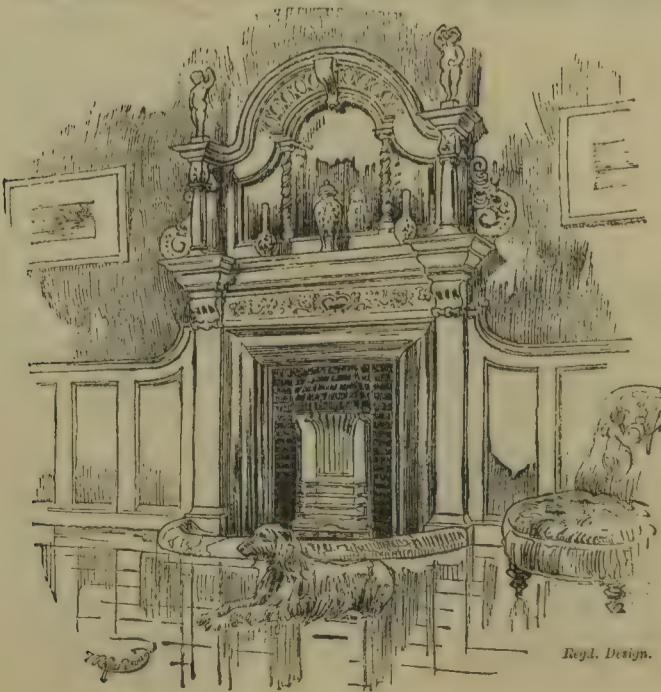
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NATURE IN MAY.

May, the month of blossom, is with us. Her beauty has always been the delight of poesy and of song

The very earth, the balmy air,
Is all with fragrance ripe;
And grace and beauty everywhere
Are flushing into life.

From the gloom of the early year men looked forward to her distant brightness; amid the storms of the blustering March they anticipated her gentle calm; through the tears and flickerings of April they saw coming nearer her more settled joy; now they go forth to meet her with festival and with singing—

Flocks on the mountains,
And birds on the spray,
Tree, turf, and fountains
All hold holiday.

And Love, the life of living things,
Love waves his torch and claps his wings,
And loud and wide thy praises sings,
Thou merry month of May.

All who have not severed their kinship with Nature, and who go out at this time to gaze upon her entrancing fairness, see more than ever the surging and throbbing of the full bounding life that is rising through all her tissues, and feel that in themselves also—

May marcheth throughout every limb
And makes the merry mood.

The great charm of the month is in the hawthorn and fruit-blossoms. The hedges and the orchards look as if they had been buried beneath the burden of a fall of tinted snowflakes. The pyramids of chestnut-bloom rock up and down on their green cradles, the lilac-bushes put forth their purple or white spikes, laburnums hang out their elegant bunches of yellow, and wisterias their clusters of shaded purple. The broom-plant exhibits once more its golden petals, and we welcome back those charming little friends of ours the lilies-of-the-valley, the forget-me-nots, and the bright-eyed speedwells. Other blooms now come forth by the thousand, and we must not attempt to enumerate them. But we may let each one speak its little message of joy to us when our eyes chance to light on its beauty.

As to the birds, a myriad blazoned notes strike the ear full of rapture, the small shrill trebles of the warblers and chatters varied by the mellow contralto of the mavis and the blackbird, the call of the cuckoo, the great "caw! caw!" of the rook, the cooing of the doves, and the revolutions of the skylark as he mounts higher and higher and sings louder and louder till it would seem as if his very throat would burst with joy. Chaucer says—

I went to hear the birdis' song,
Which on the branches, both in plain and vale,
So loud y-sang that all the wood y-rang
Like as it should shiver in pieces smale.

The swallows have come again and skim the swards and the water surfaces with lightning rapidity. The house-martins are building with joyous twitterings under the

eaves. The swifts shoot past us in the morning and the evening with screaming whistle in search of food. The sand-martins are back in their burrows. Most of the sea-birds are laying their eggs. Everything seems busy.

Sportsmen take out their rifles to the rookeries and pick off the young birds as the old ones are just tempting them from bough to bough. This is rather rough on the parents, and more so on the offspring, but as they furnish good objects for the marksman and make toothsome pies, it would be of little use attempting to rouse much sympathy. Still, they render great service to the agriculturist, and should not be decimated. If some of them, like the crows, do steal and devour a few eggs or nestlings, or peck a young rabbit or a leveret to death for a feast of flesh, there are worse thieves in the world that are allowed to flourish, and the rook is certainly the most respectable of his family. *Reminiscere bonum!*

Should a young rook be captured on one of these shooting excursions, he will prove to be a diverting fellow. He opens his wide beak and takes in everything that is given him. And still he says "Caw!" His voracity must have been a great strain upon his parents. One regaled himself upon sponge-bun and whisky-and-soda till it was thought he would choke. However, he reared himself up and put out his chest with such grave dignity that he only seemed to require a gold neck-chain and a diamond stud to qualify him for a mayor. But he had too mischievous a look in his eye, and it was finally decided that a small silk hat on the side of his head would be a much more appropriate finish.

Bees swarm in May. The hive is seen to be crowded, drones or male bees appear in it, and queen cells are built at the bottom of the comb by the workers. The larvae in these larger compartments are specially fed so that they may develop into perfect females or queens instead of imperfect ones or workers. As only one queen is allowed in a hive, the others have to quit. The first swarm is led by the old queen, who seems to lose her self-possession at the approaching birth of new queens, and works up a general excitement. A large number of bees with the queen at their head at last rush towards the door and fly out into the air. After a short pause over the hive for assembly, they move off very quickly in a cloud and attach themselves to the branch of a tree in a pendent clump. Fifteen to twenty minutes is generally sufficient for them to settle, and then is the time to gather them into a fresh hive. Otherwise, they will seek some hollow and resume the wild state.

The Swallowtail and Silver-bordered Fritillaries have joined the ranks of the butterflies, and the Burnett Moths with their six-spotted wings are about. The field-crickets begin to chirp, and the terrible cockchafer have made their appearance. The last-named form another of Nature's marvels. During the sunshine they are hooked on the under surfaces of leaves. As the evening comes on, you may notice them fluttering round the trees they frequent. Before taking flight they have to inflate their abdomens like the locust. They fly rapidly, making a monotonous sound with their wings, but they cannot change their course. If they encounter any obstacle, they simply rush against it

and fall to the ground. They feed only at night, and strip the trees of their leaves. They pair at the end of May, after which the males die. The females then make hollows two or three inches deep in light, well-tilled soil with their front legs, and, having deposited twenty or thirty eggs, expire also. The larvae are hatched in July, and begin to feed on vegetable matter and roots. They remain in the larva stage for two years, continually growing and changing their skins, burying themselves deeply in winter to escape the frosts. They then turn into pupae, and spend another winter underground. In April or May of the third year they come forth as perfect insects, and make for the leaves again.

The woodman is felling and stripping his oaks, the osier-merchant peeling his young willows, and the farmer thrusting his sheep into the village stream (where the reeds are shooting up, and the broad leaves of the lily once more floating) to wash their dirty fleeces before they are shorn.

The oak and the ash are now bursting into leaf and completing the universal foliage. Everything is in its freshest beauty. The meadows are bending in silky waves, the corn is in its tenderest green, and the scent of clover, hawthorn, and innumerable blossoms fills the air. The world is full of joy and hope and promise. It is a sort of shadowing of that ideal time we are ever looking forward to and never seem to get. Still, whatever the month is, let it be May within the heart while it is here. It may not come as we expected, but it is folly to spend the time in a useless regret. While we do so it vanishes. We cry "Stay!" but the scorching heat of summer heeds us not. It withers up the fresh joys and leaves us languid. That is why the poet sings—

Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.

The Armenians are certainly not unmindful of Mr. Gladstone's kind offices on their behalf, for they have sent the veteran statesman, through the Anglo-Armenian Association, an oil portrait of Archbishop Ezmirlian, ex-Patriarch of the Armenians in Turkey. The picture is accompanied by an address from the Guild of St. Gregory the Illuminator, and is described as "a token of respectful gratitude and affectionate regard." This is all very graceful, but one is inclined to wonder where Mr. Gladstone will hang the portrait.

There is a very curious letter from Cardinal Newman in the new volume of "Essays and Speeches" by Mr. Lilly. It is dated Aug. 17, 1884. The Cardinal says: "As a personal matter I must quite negative having been indebted to Kant or Coleridge. I never read a word of Kant; I never read a word of Coleridge. I was not even in possession of a single work of Coleridge's. I could say the same of Hurrell Froude, and also of Pusey and Keble, so far as I have a right to speak of others." Of course, this statement must be taken with qualifications, for certainly Cardinal Newman must at least have read some of Coleridge's poems.

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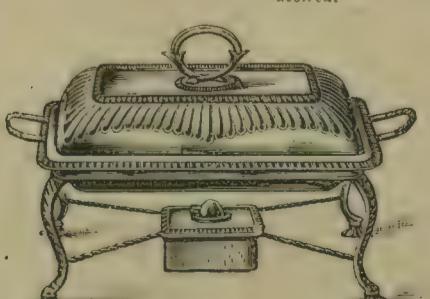
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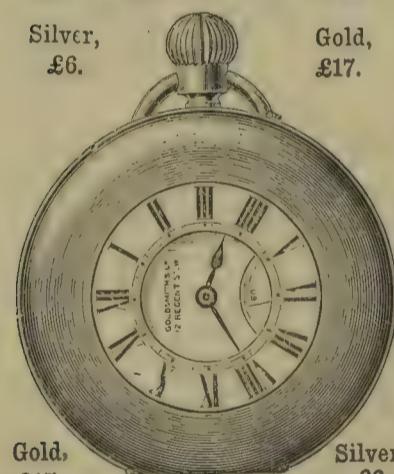


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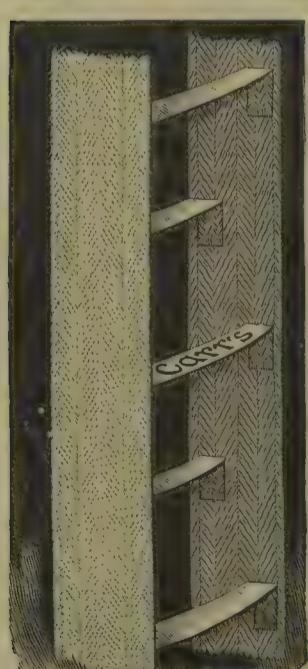
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1896) of Mr. Arbuthnot Charles Guthrie, J.P., D.L., of 4, Seaford Place, Mayfair, and of Duart, Mull, Argyll; who died on Feb. 21, was proved on April 13 by Charles Seton Sinclair Guthrie and Charles Gasquet, two of the executors, power being reserved of making a like grant to Mrs. Anne Beresford Guthrie, the widow, the other executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1,004,932. The testator gives 4, Seaford Place, with the contents thereof, except securities for money, and the furniture and household effects at Duart to his wife, and he mentions that she will also have certain stocks and shares standing in their joint names, and also the income of the funds of their marriage settlement; £10,000 to Charles Seton Sinclair Guthrie; and the cottage on the hill at Oban to his yacht's captain, Gilbert Irvine. He gives and devises his freehold estate of Duart and Sealastle, Mull, with the farm implements and stock, two freehold houses at Oban, all stock of the Callander and Oban Railway and his yacht *Ixia* to his nephew Walter Murray Guthrie; and his freehold premises, 9, Idol Lane, to Charles Gasquet. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his six nieces and two nephews, Beatrice Mary Denison, Emily Margaret Elliot, Agnes Dorothea Anstruther Thomson, Rose Ellen Bingham, Georgina Ronnell Rodd, Violet Hunter Stewart Wortley, David Charles Guthrie, and James Stirling Guthrie, in equal shares as tenants in common. He desired to be buried at Highgate without ostentation or

flowers, and he recommends that his Adventurer's share in the New River Company and his freehold property in the City of London and Cromwell Road, South Kensington, should not be sold.

The will (dated May 15, 1872), with a codicil (dated March 27, 1885), of Mr. Thomas Winter Potter, of East Court, Charlton King's, Gloucestershire, who died on Oct. 4, has been proved by George Augustus Graham and Robert Ellis Cunliffe, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £305,319. The testator gives £500, his jewellery, horses and carriages, and, during her widowhood, the income of £25,000 and the use of his furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Mary Evelyn Potter, or, on her remarriage, an annuity of £200 per annum. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, in equal shares, to his children; or on failure thereof, as to his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property, to his brother Edward Smalley Potter and his issue; and his residuary estate between his brother and sisters as tenants in common.

The will (dated Sept. 17, 1896) of Mr. Josiah Hardman, of Milton, Stoke-on-Trent, and Wetley Abbey, Cheddleton, Staffordshire, chemical manufacturer, who died on Oct. 2, was proved on April 12 by Mrs. Harriet Edna Hardman, the widow, James Hardman, the brother, and Henry James Williams, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £28,070. The testator gives the policy of insurance on his life for £1000 to his wife, and she is to have the use, for life, of Wetley Abbey, with the furniture and contents, and £1500 per annum, but should she cease

to reside at Wetley Abbey, her annuity is to be reduced to £1000; £1000 to the North Staffordshire Infirmary, and £200 to his friend, Price Llewellyn. He directs his executors, if he has not already done so in his lifetime, to convey the site of the Hardman Institute and the buildings thereon, erected for the people of Milton, to such trustees as they shall select. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, in equal shares, to his brother, James Hardman, his nephews, John James Hardman and Frederick William Hardman, and his niece, Annie Hardman.

Probate of the will of Mr. John Houston, of Nithsdale, Great Crosby, near Liverpool, shipowner, has been granted to his executors, Mr. John Hayton, shipowner, 38, Drury Buildings, Liverpool, the testator's daughter, Miss Catherine Hartfell Houston, and Mr. John Nichol Vernon, of 123, Bishopsgate Street, London, shipowner, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £21,774. After bequeathing certain pecuniary legacies, the testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his trustees, with power of sale, and directs them to hold his house known as Nithsdale, together with the contents thereof, except money and securities for money, in trust, for his daughter Catherine Hartfell Houston and her children, and to stand possessed of his residuary trust fund, in trust, for his daughter Catherine Hartfell Houston absolutely.

The will of Mr. Stewart Clark, of Dunedin, Redhill, Surrey, and 10, Grosvenor Gardens, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, Surgeon-Major, Bengal Medical Service, who died on

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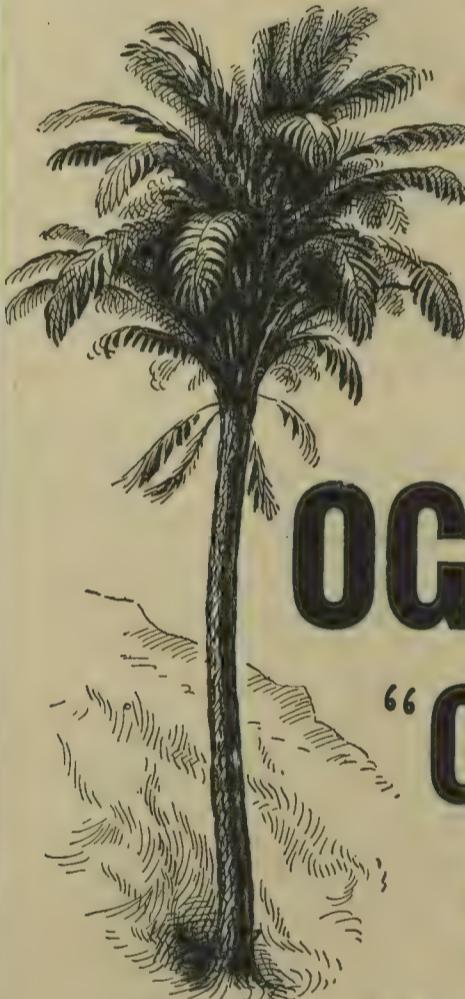
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I shall have to be up early in the morning, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the busiest day I've had for many a year;
I'm going to try with MAYPOLE SOAP my frocks to renovate.
For I must be up-to-date, mother, I must be up-to-date.

My friends have all begun to dye—they say with MAYPOLE SOAP;
'Tis made in cardinal, pink and blue, cerise and heliotrope;
And you know that shade of aloe-green we've seen so much of late.
So I can be up-to-date, mother, I can be up-to-date.

I thought my satin gown, mother, could not be worn again,
I spilt some coffee on it, and it's left a yellow stain;
But I can dye it *new* with MAYPOLE, despite its shocking state.
Then I shall be up-to-date, mother, I shall be up-to-date.

I find those crêpon blouses you bought me new last year
Were ruined at the laundry, for the colour's gone so queer;
I'm longing just to dye, mother, it is not yet too late.
And I shall be up-to-date, mother, I shall be up-to-date.

I've got some silk and plush, mother, which once looked clean and white,
And I know I have yards of ribbon nearly as black as night;
Some folks would call this "rubbish," but I care not what they'd state.
For I shall be up-to-date, mother, I shall be up-to-date.

They'll soon be dyeing in the bath—of that you may be sure,
For MAYPOLE SOAP is really, mother, such a splendid cure;
There's many a poorer girl than I who'd leave them to their fate
Yet I shall be up-to-date, mother, I shall be up-to-date.

I'm feeling quite excited, for to-morrow I shall dye,
And you will help me, mother, or I'll know the reason why;
And you'll lend me your enamelled bath in which to operate.
Then I shall be up-to-date, mother, I shall be up-to-date.

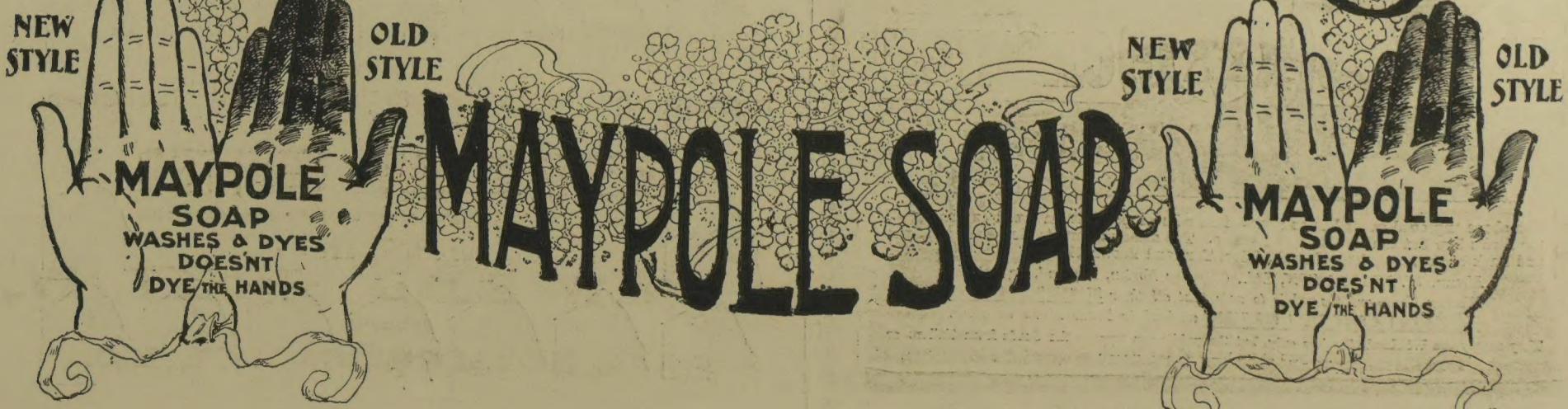
My hats and stockings, gloves and ties, will not be many hours
Before they're *chic* and trim again; I'll also dip those flowers,
And that old brown petticoat like a rag the dye 'll resuscitate.
And I shall be up-to-date, mother, I shall be up-to-date.

I have a grass-lawn blouse, mother, which looks a "perfect sight,"
And I've sundry cuffs and collars which last year were my delight;
I cannot trace a perfect "set," each cuff has lost its mate.
But I shall be up-to-date, mother, I shall be up-to-date.

All the colours, mother, 'll be fresh and bright and fast,
For the tints, you know, of MAYPOLE are warranted to last;
And I feel so glad that a few short hours will certainly change their fate.
And I shall be up-to-date, mother, I shall be up-to-date.

So you'll help me, mother darling, and you'll make the water hot,
And give me all the odds and ends of pieces that you've got.
To-morrow I'll dye with MAYPOLE SOAP the highest possible rate.
Then I shall be up-to-date, mother, I shall be up-to-date.

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March 25, was proved on April 14 by Mrs. Sophia Emily Clark, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £8147.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Edinburgh, of Dame Jane Eliza Gordon Cumming, of 49, Belgrave Road, S.W., and formerly of Altyre, Nairn, who died on Jan. 6, granted to Miss Jane Eliza Gordon Cumming, the daughter, the executrix nominate, was resealed in London on April 15, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £7794.

The will of Mr. Homersham Cox, of Marefield House, Tonbridge, formerly Judge of the Lambeth County Court, who died on March 10, was proved on April 15 by Harold Cox and Oswald Cox, the sons, and Captain Alfred Carpenter, R.N., the executors, the value of the personal estate being £4807.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Oct. 2, 1896) of Mr.

Egerton Griffin Carrol, of Lissen Hall, Nenagh, Tipperary, who died on Feb. 22, granted to Mrs. Alice Caroline Mary Carroll, the widow and sole executrix, was resealed in London on April 13, the value of the personal estate being £4783 6s. 11d. The testator leaves all his property to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will and codicil of Mrs. Julia Barton Kent, of 206, Cromwell Road, South Kensington, and formerly of Ruislip Park, who died on Feb. 16, have been proved by Arthur Barton Kent, the son and executor, the value of the personal estate being £284.

The will of Mr. James Joseph Sylvester, F.R.S., of 5, Hereford Street, Mayfair, and of New College, Oxford, Savilian Professor, who died on March 15, was proved on April 12 by James Henry Enthoven and Lionel Barnard Mozley, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2730.

PARLIAMENT.
The reassembling of the House of Commons is distinguished by the lassitude which usually marks the return to work after holidays. On two successive evenings the House has been counted out. In reply to questions as to affairs in the East, Mr. Balfour stated that while observing neutrality between the belligerents, the Powers considered that they had made themselves responsible for Crete, and would not permit the island to become part of the theatre of war. After a dull debate the Board Schools Bill was read a second time. Sir Howard Vincent proposed a resolution in favour of Protection. He argued that Free Trade was injurious to our manufactures, and that a "toll" should be levied on all imported goods. This would give the Chancellor of the Exchequer an extra revenue of more than six millions, and would not interfere with the operations of commerce. Mr. Balfour opposed the resolution. Then the House yawned, and went away to play.

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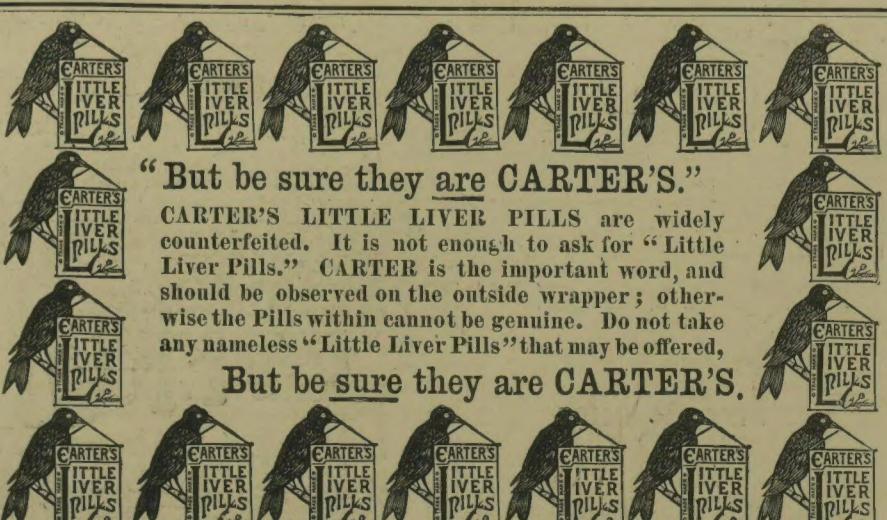
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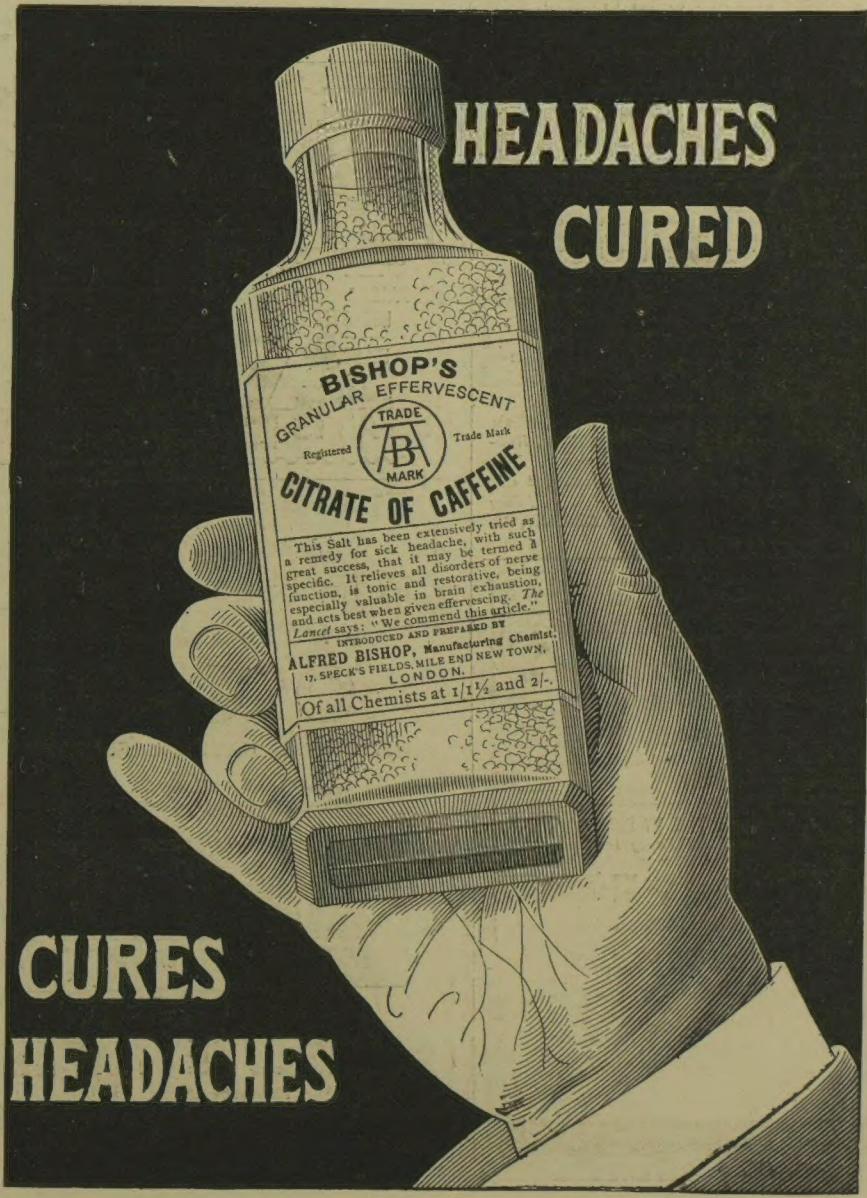
is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, *Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured.* Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

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FESTIVAL OF THE SONS OF THE CLERGY.

Instituted A.D. 1655.

The 243rd FESTIVAL will be celebrated under the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, on Wednesday, May 12. Choir of 200 voices and full orchestra. Service commences at Half-past Three with Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Te Deum." Sir John Stainer's Jubilee Anthem (composed especially for the Festival) will be sung. Dr. Edward Dean of Worcester, will preach. Handel's Coronation Anthems conclude the service. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, Archbishops and Bishops, &c., will attend. The Annual Dinner will take place the same day at 6 o'clock for 6.30 precisely, at Merchant Taylors' Hall, the Lord Mayor presiding, supported by the Sheriffs, Archbishops, Bishops, &c.

STEWARDS.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, K.G. Archbishop of Canterbury, Prest. of the Corp. (fourth time) Edward Beauchamp (second time) Viscount Cobham, M.P. Bishop of Winchester (third time) Bishop of Manchester (second time) Bishop of Truro (third time) Bishop of Bath and Wells Lord Robertes (second time) Hon. William F. Danvers Smith, M.P. Right Hon. G.F. Faudel-Phillips, M.P. Sir George Vyse (second time) Rev. Sir Edward Moon, Bart., M.A. (fifth time) Sir Reginald Hansom, Bart., LL.D. M.P., Alderman (sixteenth time) W. E. M. Tomlinson, Esq., M.P. (fifth time) Sir Andrew Lusk, Bart. (eighth time) Sir William H. Broadbent, Bart., M.D. Sir Henry Longley, K.C.B. (third time) Sir George Pringle (second time) His Honour Judge Meadows Lt.-Col. H. D. Davies, M.P. Alder (eighth time) Alderman J. T. Ritchie (Sheffs) Robert H. Rogers, Esq. (London) John W. Sugg, Esq., Master of the Clothworkers' Company Rev. Hy. Boyd, D.D. Prince Bertold, Coll., Oxford, Master of the Drapers' Company Fredk. Lambert, Esq., Master of the Grocers' Company Major Gen. E. C. Sim, R.E., Master of the Merchant Taylors' Company F. Willmott Clark, Esq., Master of the Salters' Company Sir Owen Roberts, M.A., D.G.L. Very Rev. T. W. Jeck-Blake, D.D., Dean of Wells (fifth time) Ven. W. Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London (fourth time) Ven. Charles Burney, M.A., Archdeacon of Kingston-on-Thames (third time) Rev. H. N. Collier, M.A. (second time) Rev. George Dawes, M.A. (second time) Rev. Alfred Povah, D.D. (fifth time) Rev. John Robbins, D.D. (fourth time) Rev. A. Sanxay Barwell, M.A., F.S.A., Prebendary of Chichester (third time) Henry Trower, Esq. (ninth time) Henry Wagner, Esq. (eighth time) Stewards for the first time present a Donation of 30 guineas or upwards, and those who have held the office before, a Donation of not less than 20 guineas. Stewards become Governors of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy.

The Corporation assisted, during the past year, 351 necessitous Clergymen . . . £6075 10 0 104 Clergy Widows and Aged Single Daughters . . . 14,900 0 0 390 Clergy Children, towards Education, Outfits, and Apprentice Fees . . . 4508 15 0

Tickets are issued to all Governors, and Annual Subscribers of £1 1s. and upwards to the Society receive Tickets of Admission. Bankers: Messrs. Hoare, 37, Fleet Street. Registrar: Sir Paget Bowman, Bart., Corporation House, Bloomsbury Place, W.C.

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The Steam-ship GARONNE, 3301 tons register, will leave Venice May 11 for CATTARA, CORFU, MALTA, ALGIERS, MALAGA, GIBRALTAR, and LONDON. Passengers can leave London as late as May 9, and join the Steamer at Venice, arriving back in London May 23.

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THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

The Prince of Wales on Tuesday presided over a conference of the Royal Household and other officials concerning the arrangements proposed for her Majesty's arrival at St. Paul's Cathedral on the festival Thanksgiving Day, June 22. An experimental procession of the royal State carriages and teams of horses, with mounted grooms in attendance, took place early on Monday morning, under the direction of Major-General Sir H. P. Ewart, chief of the Queen's Esquires, assisted by Colonel Byng and by the Chief Commissioner of the City Police. The equipages assembled for this purpose were seven of the ordinary State dress carriages, five others, each with four horses, and four pair-horse carriages, with thirteen men on horse-

back, and the Queen's State coach, drawn by the eight cream-coloured horses from Buckingham Palace stables. Having come along the Strand and up Ludgate Hill, in charge of Lieutenant Nicholas, Superintendent of the Royal Mews, they arrived about seven o'clock, and were ranged around the semicircular railed inclosure in front of the west door of the Cathedral. The Queen's State coach was brought close up between the steps and the statue of Queen Anne, which stands in the centre of that open space. Here the mounted men, representing the royal Princes who will accompany her Majesty's carriage, took their appointed stations beside it, as will be done when the Archbishop, Bishops, and clergy of St. Paul's are to perform the special religious service of the Queen's Jubilee Thanksgiving, to occupy about twenty minutes. The

movements and placing of the carriages were executed without any difficulty or disorder, to the satisfaction of those in command.

The whole rateable annual value of property in the Metropolitan district under the London County Council is stated in an official return to be £31,617,000. This does not include the City, which has a rateable value of £4,458,000. The Middle and Inner Temple is not included.

Shipments of grapes and fruit pulp, as well as of oranges, from New South Wales, have been made as an experiment by the Board of Exports at Sydney, by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ship *Arcadia*, due in the port of London within a few days.

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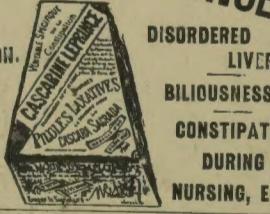
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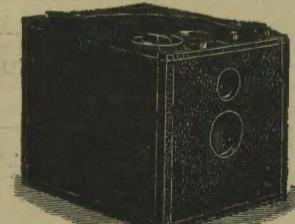
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